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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 403

EDITORIALS:
- The "Security" of France 406
- Journalism's Worst Offense 407
- The Divine Sarah 407
- Language by Legislation 408

WHAT AMERICA HAS DONE FOR THE JEW. By Johan J. Smertenko 409

THE MODERN SCENE. By Maxwell Bodenheim 412

THE HOUR IN VERSE. By Ludwig Lewisohn 414

WHY THE FARMER STARVES. By John F. Sinclair 415

THE BOLSHEVIK DRIVE ON THE CHURCH. By Arthur Ruhl 417

PORTO RICO'S WORKERS AWAKE. By Arthur Warner 419

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 421

CORRESPONDENCE 422

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Mgr. Filippi and the Mexican Fascisti 424
- A Blast from the Clericals 426
- An Anti-Clerical Federation 426
- An Archbishop Explains 428

SPRING BOOK SECTION

THE PRINCE OF HUMBUGS. By Carl Van Doren 429

ANATOLE FRANCE. By Frank W. Garrison 430

FORMATION. By Frank Ernest Hill 431

BOOKS:
- Lafcadio Hearn. By Ellwood Hendrick 432
- Plutocratic Education. By John Macy 433
- The Mysterious East. By Nathaniel Peffer 434
- The Perfect Traveler. By Herbert W. Horwill 435
- American Government. By Boyqué Jean 436
- Magic and Science. By Samuel C. Chew 437
- Hungarian History. By Emil Lengyel 438
- Persian Religion. By Achmed Abdullah 439
- Gobineau, Nietzsche, and Spiess. By Roy Temple House 440
- An Indiscreet Lady. By Helen Buckler 440
- A Quaker Mystic. By Henry J. Cadbury 442
- An English Critic. By Gerald Hewes Carson 442
- Stars. By Ellen Hayes 444
- The Future of England. By L. S. G. 444
- President Lowell's Views. By Harold J. Laski 446
- A Forgotten Virtuoso. By Kuno Francke 446

ART:
- Joseph Stella—Extremist. By Pierre Loving 446

DRAMA:
- Review. By Ludwig Lewisohn 448
- Among the Best 450

SOME NOTABLE SPRING BOOKS 450

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

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IRITA VAN DOREN, ADVERTISING MANAGER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

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FRIEDRICH WILHELM FOERSTER ROBERT HERRICK

CARL VAN DOREN NORMAN THOMAS

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LORD ROBERT CECIL has only confirmed the fine impression Americans have had of him by his first addresses on his tour for the League of Nations. Whether one agrees with him or not—and *The Nation* remains unconvinced—it is a pleasure to record his sincerity, his earnestness, and the very great service he is performing by making people think more about Europe and by his clear-cut assertion that war cannot be reformed but must be abolished. His readiness to say that the invasion of the Ruhr should be referred at once to the League for its intervention is also warmly to be applauded; in Paris, before sailing, he told the French to their faces that you might put bayonets all through a country but that you could not thereby make people work. Certainly no one can understand better than Lord Robert the criminal recklessness of the French adventure and its menace not only to the League, but to the safety of European civilization itself. When one reads of the atrocious murder of eleven German workmen at Essen and the wounding of thirty more unarmed men by the machine-gun fire of a French detachment one trembles indeed. It is fortunate for France and the world that the Germans have not invented some new terrible device to destroy human beings with which to take revenge. As it is, the situation daily verifies Lord Robert's frank admission that force as a guiding power in human affairs is utterly played out.

NOTHING more salutary has happened for a long time in high governmental circles than the sentencing of six Bulgarian war ministers to life imprisonment at hard labor, in addition to which they were assessed the tidy fine of 32,700,000,000 lira—some of the war damage done to their country when they put it into the World War on the side of Germany. It will be remembered that the question of the trial of these, and all other ministers who had held office since 1912, was submitted to a plebiscite last year and that a trial was overwhelmingly voted. Some of these six ministers, notably Radoslavoff, the premier, were sentenced *in absentia*. In addition, a former war minister, General Nidenef, received a sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment and five other generals sentences ranging from five to ten years. A former minister of railways, and General Jekof, commander-in-chief of the army, were both sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The charges were that they had declared war without sanction of Parliament, had tied the country up with Germany without considering its welfare, had been bribed by army contractors, and had seized enemy property without parliamentary approval. We wish the good work might go on and that in countries much nearer America than Bulgaria ministers and generals might be tried for putting their respective countries, victors and vanquished alike, into the war without the consent of the *peoples* they represented.

THE NATION made its own protest to Moscow against the proposed execution of a priest convicted of counter-revolutionary action—not because he was a priest, but because he was a human being; *The Nation* objects to political executions, whether in Dublin, London, Munich, or Moscow. We do not believe that such executions are effective deterrents of revolution, and we know that they do not help Russia abroad. But we cannot forbear a wry smile at the antics of the protesting American press. These papers, which had no word of protest when Sir Roger Casement was hung, when Padraic Pearse and his friends were shot, when, only three months ago, the British sentenced 172 Hindus to death, or when they mowed down hundreds at Amritsar, or when the Irish Free State kills men in cold blood for the sole crime of carrying arms; this press, which has nothing but bitter hate for the Communists who met in Michigan to plan what they believed a better form of government for the United States, has suddenly become filled with a holy passion for the sanctity of human life, with a

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glorious zeal for civil liberty in Russia. They who have no word of sympathy for American political prisoners, some of whom are now in their sixth year of prison for expressing dissent from our war policy, now proclaim that intercourse with Russia is impossible because Russia is without liberty. The protest of such a press is mere propaganda.

THERE are hitches and double hitches about the liquidation of the war-time entanglements of China. The Washington agreements brought about the abandonment of the British-Japanese alliance, which was a relief to China, but the business of getting Great Britain out of Wei-hai-wei and Japan out of Kiao-chau has moved more slowly. The Japanese have lived up to the letter of their bond about Kiao-chau, but they have met China's new demand for abrogation of the twenty-one-demand treaty of 1915 with another courteous but flat refusal. Meanwhile Mr. Hughes announced a new understanding which finally releases us from the unfortunate Lansing-Ishii agreement, in which the United States recognized Japan's "special interests" in China. That agreement is definitely abrogated and replaced by the Nine-Power Pact guaranteeing the open door in China. The hand of Western capitalism is little less strangling than the military grip of Japan, but at least this action, for which both our own and the Japanese Government are to be warmly congratulated, releases us from the charge of collaborating with Japanese imperialism.

THE story of the system of farming out county prisoners in Florida does not make pretty reading. It is the old, old story of sentences for such trivial offenses as stealing rides on freight trains being worked off by forced labor under contractors who buy convict labor cheap and maintain discipline by whipping, sometimes with six or seven pound straps. The men are herded in camps reeking with filth and disease, are sometimes forced to work for hours hip-deep in swamps, and have virtually no medical care. The sheriff receives a cash bonus for each man he is able to send the contractor. This is slavery; but Florida is not the only Southern State where such conditions persist. The death of Martin Tabert, a North Dakota boy, and the formal protest of his State legislature to that of Florida has caught the country's attention—chiefly because he is a white boy. Black men have gone to unrecorded death in these chain-gangs year after year for decades. In Roosevelt's time there were shocking revelations of the horrors of peonage in the lower South, and an attempt at remedy. But the evil has lived on. Two years ago, when John Williams horribly murdered eleven Negroes on his Georgia plantation through fear of a Federal investigation, there came a new outburst of protest. Now if Governor Hardee and the Florida legislature fail to end this barbarism in Florida they should be faced by sustained, nation-wide indignation.

ASTONISHINGLY little attention has been paid to an interview given out by Senator Cummins just after the adjournment of Congress in which he pointed out that there were many thousands of miles of railroad in this country being operated at a loss, that this could not continue very long, and that there must be some readjusting or these roads will be abandoned and the property sold as junk. He further gave it as his belief that such roads must either be consolidated with others or would have to be taken over and operated by the government if railroad facilities are to be maintained in the communities which these non-paying railroads serve. While Senator Cummins was obviously not making an argument for government ownership and operation of railroads, but rather one for their consolidation into a few systems, the facts that he has stated in this striking way emphasize the pressing character of the railroad problem, and, in our judgment, its imminence as a political issue. The difficulty of financing even the paying railroads continues; as one of the leading Massachusetts bankers put it recently, our railroads have lost the favor of the credit-giving public. A sample of the way the railroad debate is getting down to ground-rock and is becoming distinctly warmer is also afforded by the exchange which has been going on between Senator Couzens and President Kruttschnitt of the Southern Pacific Railroad as to whether Senator Couzens is correct in his contention that there is gross waste in private management of the railroads and that economies made in two decades have been chiefly in the wages of labor. This Mr. Kruttschnitt denies.

LABOR'S attack upon the New York State Police is based upon the reports of misbehavior in two strikes, those at Buffalo and Corinth. The full story of these incidents could be obtained by a legislative inquiry or by the Governor himself. We cannot, however, see that conviction of the police in these cases would be sufficient cause for their disbandment. Unlike the Colorado rangers, this body of men was formed before the war in response to a genuine need for the patrolling of thousands of miles of country roads upon which many crimes of violence, notably attacks upon women, take place every year—fewer since the force was organized. The sheriff system of rural-law enforcement has long since collapsed. The difficulty is that the State Police are constantly drawn into labor troubles where their task of protecting property almost inevitably results in opposition to the strikers and support of the employers. It is true, too, that these forces are trained on the "treat-'em-rough" principle, the idea being that if force and vigor are used at once the danger of further trouble will be avoided. It is as fallacious a theory as the French belief that a show of force in the Ruhr would cow the Germans. The constabulary ought to make themselves beloved by taking that attitude of kindness and big brotherliness which Arthur Woods tried so hard to get into the New York police. The problem is obviously a complex one and it varies in different States. But our rural communities, notably in the South, need an efficient *gendarmerie* such as is to be found in every other great country and in many small ones, and labor difficulties ought not to prevent obtaining needed protection.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT'S placing upon the statute books of Pennsylvania a prohibition law with "teeth in it" more than counterbalances the vote of the legislature of New York, approved by Governor Smith, asking Congress for a weakening of the Volstead Act. Governor Pinchot's law at last outlaws the saloon, which has been the disgrace of Pennsylvania, and really opens the way for law-enforcement. As to that the Governor means business, which is so great a variation from prevailing custom that one is almost tempted to call him the one Eastern executive with respect for his oath of office. Since the Governor is able to say that the bill was passed without the aid of a single promise of

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any sort, or the exercise of any political or official influence the result can only mean a great increase in Mr. Pinchot's prestige, especially since the powerful Vare machine in Philadelphia unsuccessfully threw its weight against him. Now the Governor has put in his bills for the super-power development of Pennsylvania. They provide for a "giant-power survey board" and a commission to negotiate with New York and New Jersey for the regulation of the Delaware River and its use for power, and confer additional authority upon the Water Supply Commission and the Forestry Department to facilitate the super-power project. Under Governor Pinchot, keep your eye on Pennsylvania!

We believe . . . that Yale is preparing men, not to live, but to make a living; that the life of the average undergraduate is stupid, empty, and meaningless; that the literature of the undergraduate consists chiefly of our contemporary the *Saturday Evening Post;* that athletics hold a more prominent place at Yale than education, which is endured as a necessary evil. . . .

Every year some five hundred students are admitted to each large university. What does it mean? Five hundred more pairs of knickerbockers are sold by clothing dealers, and five hundred new rooters take their places in the cheering section of the football field. . . . Our students leave the colleges uncontaminated by thought. . . .

—*From the Yale* Saturday Evening Pest

Those responsible for our armament policies tell us that . . . we must build up our armies and navies to such a magnitude that no people will dare attempt invasion. . . . Concord does not rise from such thoughts. . . . Nor does a limitation of armaments by agreement seem the most plausible way out of the difficulty. . . . Would it not be simpler to disarm entirely?

—*From the Wisconsin* Scorpion

Some people think we publish the *Laughing Horse* to propagate cynicism, to reform stupid asses, to broadcast Russian revolutionist ideas, to slay naughty dragons, or to liberate adolescent youths from the tyranny of institutions.

Those same people make me sick at my stomach. . . . Don't, for the love of Michael the Archangel, accuse us of a purpose, other than the desire to write what we want to write in the way we want to write it!

—*From the* Laughing Horse (*Berkeley, California*)

THIS is the way they talk, these undergraduates. They knock academic traditions into a cocked hat. They thumb immature noses at armament policies and other sacred national institutions. They feel sick at their stomachs at the misconceptions of their elders. And we hear rumors of more to come. We welcome such contemporaries; they may drive the rest of us into a defensive but wholesome attack of acute youth.

IT is good news that Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, High Commissioner for Russian Relief of the League of Nations, is opening an office at 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, and establishing a service of relief drafts and packages which will replace that suspended by the American Relief Administration on March 15. Dr. Nansen's gallant and uncompromising non-political work for Russian relief has, with that of the Quakers, been one of the brightest chapters in the history of these dark post-war years. The Nansen parcel service is able to ship to all parts of Russia, and its shipments are exempt from import duties. Meanwhile the Quakers are continuing their relief and reconstruction service in the Samara Government. The Friends Service Committee (20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia) reports that nearly a thousand horses have been brought in from Turkestan, and that the Quaker tractors are already vigorously at work. The American Committee for Relief of Russian Children announces that henceforth its supplies will be distributed through the Nansen organization, and the Committee for Medical Aid to Russia that it will distribute through the Quakers.

LAST year some thirty thousand people used the library of the New York Academy of Medicine. Social-service institutions and foundations, independent social investigators, biologists, and members of the medical profession taxed far beyond its cramped limits the capacity of the library and the dispensing skill of its librarians. In no other place available to New Yorkers were the same sources to be found, and they were to be obtained here only after arduous effort. Jointly the Carnegie Foundation and the Rockefeller Foundation have offered to remedy this situation by contributing a new library and an endowment to maintain it, provided the members of the Academy raise sufficient funds to purchase a site. This amount is being collected and contributed by New York doctors—in many cases at real personal sacrifice—but it is a task that all persons interested in science or in public welfare should support. The new library will be the most complete ever assembled in the United States. It will have available collections of books and data in every branch of medicine, the latest reports from scientific investigators all over the world, plates and motion pictures of processes and discoveries—and the space and order necessary to make these facilities useful.

YO, ho, for the vasty deep and the slatting sails, and the wind-swept ratlines! To Captain Felix Riesenberg and a group of his friends has come the entrancing vision of tourist cruises on the high seas, not on any of your "palatial cruising steamers" with brass beds and private baths, gymnasium and swimming tanks, Ritz restaurants, tea gardens, and first-class orchestras, but on a real old-fashioned windjammer, a three-masted, square-rigged traveler, a successful conqueror of the seas for forty years past. Already this veteran ship has been bought; she is to be renamed the Tusitala, reconditioned, and, with cabin accommodations for forty-eight and a couple of modest auxiliary oil-burning engines to bring her into port on time, will be ready in early summer to take the seas once more for short and long cruises of from ten days to six weeks. Pictures of her show her to be a lovely thing indeed, exquisitely modeled, with tall and graceful spars. True, she has a length over all of only 250 feet, but, shiver one's timbers, what ocean steamer had much more than that in the early seventies? Are there not still ocean voyagers in plenty who thought the 300-foot steamer the last word when she was brought out? Captain Riesenberg, a fine modern sailor, is to command the Tusitala, and we miss our guess if his cabins are not full all the time, for on such a boat the poetry of the oceans, their teeming life, the glory of the nights and the hourly changes in sea and wind can be enjoyed as never on one of your Aquitanias or Majestics or Leviathans. Endless can be the variety of the cruises, endless the instruction, and beyond all praise the rest that comes as the ship straightens on her course, takes a dash of water aboard forward, and with the bit in her teeth, slides off for the Spanish Main. No real son of the Vikings, we venture, will spend even a fortnight on her and not come back a convert to the superiority of sails.

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The "Security" of France

WE should like to believe that M. Poincaré meant precisely what he said in the Chamber of Deputies on March 29 when, answering Edouard Herriot's question, he said "We went into the Ruhr to get reparations and for no other reason." The problem of reparations admits of an answer; if reparations is the sole aim of the Ruhr policy then sooner or later its costliness and its failure to produce reparations will bring a realization of the futility of force to collect payment and an abandonment of so catastrophic a policy. Unfortunately there is evidence that the French statesmen are not so single-minded as M. Poincaré's statement might indicate; leaving aside the more sinister interpretations of their policy there echoes through the speeches of French statesmen and of their apologists in this country the claim that France is seeking "security."

"Security" is a dangerous word. This shifting of ground opens endless possibilities. We tend to forget that the official French note informing Germany of the intention to occupy the Ruhr stated that

> the French Government desires to declare that it has no intention to carry out at the present time an operation of a military nature, nor an occupation of a political character. It is merely dispatching into the Ruhr a mission of engineers and officials whose object is clearly defined. . . . It is only sending into the Ruhr those troops which are essential to safeguard the mission and guarantee the execution of its mandate. No dislocation and no change, therefore, is made in the normal life of the population. . . .

We tend to forget the prophecies that a little show of force would end the German resistance and that the profit of the adventure would soon be clear. Yet the memory of these successive shifts and mistaken prophecies should warn us to weigh with care any new justification for the invasion.

Lord Robert Cecil stresses this need of security. Miss Anne Morgan emphasizes it. The note sounds in propaganda organs such as the New York *Tribune* day after day. Even our neighbor the *New Republic* indorses the proposal for "a general defensive alliance among European nations which would promise security to everybody." This raises many questions. What would such a general defensive alliance guarantee—the Franco-German frontier as it exists on the map, or the Rhine line of occupation established in the Treaty of Versailles, or the borders of the Ruhr as now occupied, or the line which France may have occupied by the time she stops her present policy of gradual advances? Would it include a guaranty of Polish possession of Vilna? Would all the Powers be asked to fight to defend Poland's right to the Ukrainian territory of East Galicia which has just been allotted to her by one of the most cruel decisions of the peace? Would it include a guaranty of Eastern Thrace, where Greece bars Bulgaria from the sea?

We can sympathize with the French longing for a guaranteed security. Security is the cherished ambition of every nation, great or small. But France is treading an historic path in her search for security; it is essentially the path which all the great Powers trod in the years before the war, and it led to that war with a precision which, were this world rational, would fill the French leaders today with horror at their own temerity. The price of security is cooperation, and even at times apparent sacrifice. No nation can win security by force and for itself alone. This "security" which nations chase like a will-o'-the-wisp can be attained only by a nation which is greater and stronger than all the rest of the world combined. You win "security" by making yourself stronger than your neighbor, but your neighbor then makes himself stronger by seeking alliances; you have to fortify yourself again by making more alliances in your turn, or by immeasurably increasing your own armament. Soon the world is divided into two armed camps, both suspicious and fearful, so that any tiny incident may strike the spark that sets the world afire. Time and again that has happened. The Spanish, the French of Louis XIV and of Napoleon, the Germans in our own day have proved the futility of "security" that rests on force. The dream of "security" leads to the justification of the "preventive war"; the logic of Von Bernhardi was precisely that of the Frenchmen who say that they need the Ruhr for "security" today.

Really effective security for France can be attained only with effective security for Germany also. If we leave Germany helpless at the mercy of any passing French whim we only teach her to depend on her own strength—"Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera!"—and in the long run, somehow or other, she will build it up afresh. The invasion of the Ruhr has done more to make Germany a real menace to France in the half century that lies ahead of us than all that the bitter hates of Ludendorff and his associates had been able to accomplish in three years. Nations must pay an emotional price for security. They must drop the attempt to divide the world into "good" and "bad" nations, just as we have dropped that attempt within nations. We have learned that even the man of criminal tendencies needs the protection of the law in his attempts to earn an honest livelihood. If he has not that protection, if others can rob him with impunity, he will surely become an outlaw, to the common danger. So, too, with nations. Assume that Germany is the foul fiend she is pictured, and the argument still holds. She has the same right to security as France, and the rest of us have the same need that she be given equal protection.

"But we must consider the psychology of France," they tell us. We must consider the psychology of Germany, too. A sentimentalism which keeps only the miseries of France in mind is a danger to the world today. The heedlessness of the world to the significance of the Ruhr is hardening Germany into a bitterness and a militarism which had not been dominant since the armistice. It is making a return to the "policy of fulfilment" (of the treaty) every day more difficult for the Cuno Government. We must not let ourselves be deceived by any mirage of "security" won by holding the Ruhr, nor by any sentimental belief that other Powers could give France a guaranty of "security" that would lull her to content. We were misled by sentimentality in the days of the Peace Conference; we believed then in one-sided "security." The root fault of this League of Nations which is so generously advocated is that it is still at heart a one-sided alliance. The Franco-German conflict must be kept on its own basis: a search for possible methods of obtaining reparations. As such, the policy of force has failed, as it was bound to fail. There is no way out but conference, and any attempt at conference which does not begin by recognizing the Germans as equals, or which permits its course to be influenced by ultimatums or the argument of force, foredooms itself to failure.

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Journalism's Worst Offense

IT is the pride of American journalism that our dailies are not purchasable with cold cash. If there are exceptions they prove the rule. It must also be added to the credit of our journals that they rarely print such salacious and disgusting details of divorce cases as are daily served up even in the most respectable of English dailies. The tone of our newspaper humor and cartoons is also far superior to that of the continental press. But when it comes to certain forms of scandal we cannot but believe that our newspapers take first rank for callousness, hard-heartedness, and downright brutality, particularly to those who are innocently drawn into the mess.

We are moved to these reflections by the behavior of the metropolitan press in the latest of New York's innumerable "murder mysteries." In this case the public prosecutor by his doubtless well-meant efforts to shield the millionaire involved made matters the worse by whetting the curiosity and the appetite for sensations of both the press and the public. But when the name of him who got caught was finally discovered, the license and brutality of our press were at their worst. Reporters invaded the man's home and pestered his relatives with the most outrageous and impertinent questions. When his family returned the members were compelled to resort to every device to throw the hounds of the press off their track and to gain their home without a molestation which threatened personal injury from the mad professional zeal of their persecutors. Arrived at the door they had to run through the mob of the curious and the reporters assembled before it. The crowning infamy was when one reporter reached the unfortunate wife only to ask her: "Are you going to divorce your husband or are you going to continue to live with him?" For downright blackguardism of the press, we have never known anything to surpass this in long years of journalistic observation. That any reporter could be so lacking in the fundamentals of simple decency seems incredible. Yet this sort of thing happens often.

Yet we have no doubt that the guilty reporter had neither the sense nor the knowledge that a stab-wound would have been more welcome. The fault was not his but his editor's. So has gentlemanliness been made subordinate by our dailies to the getting of the "news" or the avoidance of the disgrace of being "beaten" by one's contemporaries that the act of this reporter doubtless was passed over admiringly by the fraternity with the comment: "Well, that boy has pep; he beat them all to it." Unfortunately this is no isolated act of cruelty. If it is more usually inflicted upon persons of wealth and prominence, in conformity with the press's sickening worship of milords or millionaires, it is not often that even a poor and socially humble person is spared. And our master journalists defend this inhuman practice by hypocritical remarks to the effect that the public demands this sort of thing; that if one newspaper does it they all must; that the innocent always suffer with the guilty; and that the newspapers which lift off the lid in these matters preach valuable moral sermons. The latter doubtless explains why so usually admirable a daily as the New York *World* printed Rabelaisian and quite unnecessary details of the life of the slain courtesan.

In England, as we have said, the evil takes other and, in some respects, worse forms. In London exist professionally salacious Sunday newspapers whose proprietors, like Lord Riddell, were duly ennobled for their distinguished war service by Lloyd George—should not smut have its nobility as well as beer? But worse than that is the fact that in the most respectable newspapers the disgusting details of divorce cases are shoved under the noses of those least desirous of devouring or feeding their children upon them. In the recent Russell case in London the performance of the best English newspapers was so bad that there have been editorial protests and a public demand for a law to protect the public against the license of the press. The editor of the London *Nation* speaks of the "flood of pruriency allowed to go on flowing from Monday to Saturday, with an extra special flush for Sunday. . . ." Reporting in the French press, he says, "is decency itself compared with ours." The *New Leader* warmly congratulates "the Labor *Daily Herald* on its brave action in excluding the reports of the Russell case." "Readers," it adds, "who miss this garbage may turn to one of the three Liberal morning papers." The brutality of it all especially stirs that editor: "The press, it seems to us, is steadily becoming an organized commercial cruelty. We noticed the other day four contents bills outside of a Liberal newspaper office, each of which was holding up some unfortunate individual to obloquy. Crowds tend to be cruel, and newspapers which lead them to the hunt are encouraging the meanest part of human nature."

The thought that it is poor sportsmanship as well as inexcusable human cruelty to expose the frailties and weaknesses of erring humans to the utter misery of their innocent relatives never occurs to our American managing editors. It will sell, they say, and the papers must be sold. Fortunately there are still papers, like the *Christian Science Monitor*, to prove that success can be won by other methods.

The Divine Sarah

SARAH BERNHARDT was first of all a person. However great an actress she may have been, the tributes that are being paid to her memory in the hour of her death and the tributes that were, happily, paid to her during her life have sprung from admiration of the woman, the human being behind the artist. Especially in her later years the world applauded her for her courageous performance on the stage of actual experience, for her pluck in the face of adversity and ill health. She seemed immortal, and it is almost incredible that she is dead.

The earthly life-after-death of an actress is no longer than the surviving memories of those who have seen and heard her. Certain literary records persist, like those by which we still know at least the names of Nell Gwyn and the other Sarah—Siddons. The modern stage queen is preserved in the moving picture; Bernhardt appeared in several films and was making another just before her death. And probably there are phonographic records of her *voix d'or*. But these are at best imperfect representations. With the dissolution of the body the magic of the great actor has vanished forever.

For a just estimate of Bernhardt's powers as an actress we shall have to wait for the books which will inevitably be written by French critics. But there are two or three qualities evident to a mere English-speaking person who sat under her spell. Indeed the judgment of such an auditor and spectator, not quite at home in French, is of pe-

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culiar value. For on him the action and tones of the voice made their impression through the veil of an unfamiliar language. Of Bernhardt one might more than almost say that her body thought. On the English stage, and probably on the French, there was a tradition that an actor should not turn his back on the audience while speaking a line; perhaps the acoustic impediments of some of the old theaters demanded that every word should be hurled forth into the auditorium. Bernhardt treated a stage set representing a room as if it were a room, and apparently—the art of it was no doubt cunningly devised—moved about in it, speaking to right, left, back, or front, as if the audience did not exist. This seeming naturalness later became a trick, practiced by American and English actors. But as one of Bernhardt's American managers said: "These people don't know how to act when they face an audience; that woman can act with her left shoulder-blade."

That is a rough expression of the truth. In "La Dame aux Camélias" her heroine really died of tubercular exhaustion without suggesting the illusion-breaking question (think of some other Camilles and, indeed, of the text of the play) whether a woman in that condition could be so volubly and coherently eloquent. In melodrama, like "La Tosca," and in other muscular absurdities of Sardou, she got all the effect out of herself without wrecking the scenery or smashing gilt couches. She could stand still and radiate emotion. She knew how, not to lose herself in a part—a silly idea, which no competent actor takes any stock in—but to put herself into it intelligently with all the force of her individuality, to be the fictitious character and Bernhardt at the same time. A striking example was her impersonation of l'Aiglon in Rostand's very thin romantic play. At the age of fifty-five she took the part of a boy. She made the boy young and tender and pathetic and adolescently masculine, yet she never let us forget that this was Bernhardt creating a character. It was a miracle of balance such as only a great actor, or a great artist in any other form, can achieve, to be himself and some other self.

Bernhardt imposed her individuality upon the texts of plays classic and modern. She lived through and helped to shape two generations of French dramatists. Sardou and Rostand and the younger men, like Zamacoïs, would not have been in print what they are if it had not been for Bernhardt, not only the actress and theatrical manager but the master of written as well as of spoken language. So the actress reacted on French literature. It was with her contemporaries that she lived and throve. And by virtue of her theatrical force she gave life to many plays that critical Frenchmen and the more mordant austerity of time will discard. But she had a sense and knowledge of the French classics. Of more than a hundred parts which she played she created about forty. She went back, like any well-trained, ambitious French actress, to Racine. In 1867 she made a success as Cordelia in "King Lear"; in 1899 she played Hamlet in London! How she found time and energy in the midst of her activities as actress and manager to dabble creditably in painting, sculpture, and writing is the simply unexplainable mystery of genius. It is not overrating the divine Sarah to recall Michelangelo and da Vinci, with this idea in mind: that superb intellectual and physical energy can express itself in many arts, and that if one art happens not to open its portals that energy will break through another door. Bernhardt, by the grace of the gods, was an actress.

Language by Legislation

WHO that is a patriot can hear without a thrill what the Honorable Washington Jay McCormick, Republican member of the House of Representatives from Montana, urges upon the national legislature for the sake of the national language and literature? It is no less than the passage of a bill, which the Honorable Mr. McCormick himself has prepared, to make constitutional and statutory the "flowing, growing, and glowing" lingo of the real American.

This is the way he tells the world what he has on his chest:

> I might say I would supplement the political emancipation of '76 by the mental emancipation of '23. America has lost much in literature by not thinking its own thoughts and speaking them boldly in a language unadorned with gold braid. It was only when Cooper, Irving, Mark Twain, Whitman, and O. Henry dropped the Order of the Garter and began to write American that their wings of immortality sprouted. Had Noah Webster, instead of styling his monumental work the "American Dictionary of the English Language," written a "Dictionary of the American Language," he would have become a founder instead of a compiler. Let our writers drop their top-coats, spats, and swagger-sticks, and assume occasionally their buckskin, moccasins, and tomahawks.

Sure! Maybe the Honorable McCormick let his foot slip when he pulled that one about Cooper and Irving, for those guys certainly wrote what the poor boobs thought was English and either one of them would have thrown a fit if he thought he was doing anything to the good old mama-tongue. But that bird McCormick's heart is in the right place, and we have to hand it to him for being the first Congressman since the Johnstown flood to make a noise about it. The trouble with this country is these here foreigners coming in and learning English out of grammar-books instead of picking up American on the vacant lots where the boys would give them the merry-ha-ha if they pulled any of the high-and-mighty. We got to shake the real Americans out of the feathers and make them get behind a line of patter that doesn't sound as if it came through a nose with a monocle sitting just off to starboard. It is time to tell these here foreigners and high-brows where they get off.

It's not so easy, we will say that. You got to go some to make people use their Watermans the way they talk. The preachers get into one-way ruts, and so do the lawyers and the school-teachers and the editors, and they won't try new tricks for fear of skidding. The best hunch for Congress is to set up that Academy of the American Language that the Honorable McCormick has doped out. Make Mencken president of the outfit, put George Ade, Ring Lardner, Warren Harding, and Billy Sunday on the executive committee, and tell them to go to it. They could fix it so the Supreme Court umpired in a language a man could get without wearing out his finger-nails on the dictionary. They could can all the printers of the *Congressional Record*, and hand a straight tip to the newspapers to follow suit and jazz up, or reach their necks out for the ax. Billy Sunday could pass the high sign to the sky-pilots and bring them down to the green grass. If Mencken could have a mandate, as the fellow says, for Harvard, that would help some. Sure it can be done. Anyhow, we got to get behind and boost.

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What America Has Done for the Jew

By JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

PATROLMAN Austin P. O'Rourke turned the corner and looked down one of the busiest street-markets of New York's Jewish quarter. Files of push-carts lined each curb; wagons and trucks crowded the space between; on the sidewalks stalls and boxes were heaped with goods; and around the *étalages*, the carts, and the trucks, in and out of the shops, swirled a grimy, shabby mass of gesticulating, yelling men and women. Above their clamor sounded the nervous horn of an auto which slowly threaded its way through the traffic.

O'Rourke caught the eye of an old, gaunt, and stoop-shouldered Jew at his accustomed stand, third pushcart from the corner, who stopped haggling with a housewife to bow in a timorous, abject fashion, nervously fingering the visor of his cap.

"Good mornin', Isaac." O'Rourke dubbed every old push-cart peddler Isaac.

"*Morgen, g'morgen.*" "Isaac" bowed and fingered his cap until the officer passed his cart.

In the next two blocks this incident recurred with striking regularity, and the policeman took these obeisances naturally and good-naturedly.

"Hey, Pat! C'mon over a minit," called a lusty voice, Jewishly flatting the vowels.

O'Rourke crossed the street to the burly, well-dressed, and clean-shaven Jew. They talked hurriedly in confidential tones.

"'T'sall right, I'll do it fur yuh," said the Jew. They shook hands on it.

"That's the wor-rud, Irving. That's damn white of yuh, now." The officer moved on.

A few minutes later O'Rourke came upon a snarl in the traffic. He plunged to the center and with a few sharp orders cleared the congestion. Then he motioned to a limousine at the cross-street to pass on.

"Thank you, officer." A rich, cultured voice sounded from the rear seat.

"Mornin', your Honor. Thank yuh, sir." O'Rourke bowed and touched his visor, obsequious as "Isaac," while Judge Herbert Solomon rode by.

In these incidents lies the matter for another book of the Bible, matter for one of the most important chronicles since the beginning of the Exile. And yet the story of the broken immigrant, the citizen, free and equal, and the honored representative of our republic will not tell half the tale of Jewish life in the United States. For the process of assimilation is a subconscious process, and American Jewry has reached its present state barely aware of the forces which have molded it. So that what America has done for the Jew has been as impersonal as the functioning of the police force or the existence of laws on our statute books.

It is the story of impersonal influences that I shall treat —not the biography of peddler, politician, or patrician—of examples eagerly imitated, of customs quickly adopted, of opportunities avidly seized. The American Jew is an American product fashioned from a particular commodity. Our climate and other natural conditions have lengthened his head and strengthened his bones; our institutions and intellectual environment have just as effectively modified his psychic habits and reactions and his spiritual adjustment. These changes have not always been for the better; but good, bad, or indifferent, they are in substance what America has done for the Jew.

—And the greatest of these is Democracy!

Basic in all the significant changes of Jewish character, and fundamental in the thousand irritating conflicts that we now call "the Jewish question" is the spirit of democracy which is America's greatest contribution to modern Jewish life. The democratic conception of human relationships has infiltrated slowly and imperceptibly into the Jewish consciousness, for it was obliged to make its way through the dense dogmas and conventions which the Jews brought from the Old World, and also through the peculiar Ghetto organization which they built in the New. This peculiar organization is summed up for the Jew in the one word, *Sh'Tadlan*, a word which brings up sinister memories of Inquisition and Czarism.

The Sh'Tadlan or go-between was an indispensable member of the Jewish community during the Middle Ages and in pre-revolutionary Russia. This "friend-at-court"—usually a wealthy Jew, occasionally a renowned physician or confidential adviser, and sometimes a Jewish wife or mistress—protected his people from pogrom and persecution through personal intervention. In return, to him or his representative, the community acknowledged a grateful obedience and surrendered the control of its policy and destiny. The Sh'Tadlan became a "boss," or rather a feudal chief, benevolent but absolute, honored as a savior and dreaded as the favorite of an all-powerful and unscrupulous potentate. This benevolent feudalism pursued the Jews across the ocean and held unprecedented sway in America because the immigrant needed a mediator to establish the connections necessary for his existence and to teach him the meaning of the new customs, institutions, and ideals.

When in the early years of the nineteenth century large numbers of Jews from Germany appeared for the first time at American ports, they found small but influential communities of Spanish Jews which had been founded in the earliest colonial days by fugitives from religious persecution in Spain and Portugal, in Brazil and the West Indies. Despite the religious intolerance of the time, these Jews had established intimate social relationships with the other colonists and had fixed for all time their unqualified position as Americans by contributing generously in men and money to the cause of the Colonies during the Revolutionary War. To their American kindred, therefore, the German Jews turned for aid and guidance. The assimilated Jew accepted the feudal position of a Sh'Tadlan and also added the capitalistic innovation of exploitation. He acted as spokesman for the immigrants, to be sure, though only as Secretary Fall and Senator Bursum are spokesmen for the Indians. But by the close of the Civil War conditions had changed. The original Jewish settlers were vastly outnumbered by the immigrants from Germany, and thirty years in America had given the newcomers language, wealth, and independence. These now sought admission to the social position of their predecessors, and after a bitter

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community warfare forced the Spanish Jews to open their doors to the parvenus.

This "assimilation" was no sooner accomplished than the first wave of the flood of Jewish immigration from Russia reached the Eastern seaboard. It goes without saying that the new type of foreigner was more than ever in need of a Sh'Tadlan. The German Jew cheerfully assumed the responsibility of leadership, modeling his attitude on the manner in which he had been received. He gave the immigrants employment; he spoke for them in public; he despised them in private. The broken-spirited Russian Jews accepted this relationship with gratitude. They considered it part of their new and strange environment and therefore natural and inevitable. They delegated all the communal power to their assimilated co-religionists who were at home in America, while they were completely engrossed in the problems of earning a living and learning to understand American life. After the first generation, however, wealth and education became the property of an increasing number of Russian Jews. They began to compete with the others for the position of Sh'Tadlan to the fresh arrivals, and they forced their way into the social position of the Germans.

We can see democracy operating in these successive and successful attacks on the barriers of social position; its effect is insignificant, however, in comparison with the democratic achievement of the proletarian masses who, on the whole, made no attempt to break through the class lines of the Sh'Tadlanim. A generation of contact with America, even though the point of contact was a Ghetto, made for realization by the newcomers of their political independence and civic responsibility. Their first step toward ending the period of feudal benevolence was the organization of trade unions, which were a challenge to the Jewish capitalists and an important training ground in the principles of democratic procedure. Then came the Russian pogroms of 1905. The traditional leaders were unable to cope with the problem of relief for the sufferers; they turned to the despised and hitherto disregarded immigrant groups for assistance. The latter gave unstinted cooperation but were also unreserved in pointing out the estrangement between the masses and their self-appointed leaders. In the end the independent Sh'Tadlan abdicated—only to be succeeded by the American Jewish Committee. This self-constituted committee acted for ten years as a sort of Ministry for Foreign and Domestic Affairs of American Jewry. Its members worked unselfishly in what they believed to be the interests of the Jewish people; yet they reaped hearty dislike, for the immigrant could no longer stomach autocratic benevolence. His revived democratic spirit and his newly found self-respect could not tolerate an institution which decided on plans for the improvement of his condition without consulting him; which was determined to lead him to water and make him drink. His antagonism to autocracy now simply needed a concrete issue in order to crystallize into a constructive democratic program. The issue, alas, came soon enough.

When the European war, or rather its attendant pogroms and atrocities, threatened the annihilation of the Jews in Eastern Europe, American Jewry decided to utter an open protest and threat that would be heeded by the Russian, Polish, and German barbarians because the power of two and one-half million American Jews would be behind it. But the American Jewish Committee thought it advisable to revert to the old methods of the Sh'Tadlan. It would again climb the backstairs; there in private and with secrecy it would beg a modicum of safety from the offending Powers; it feared to antagonize them by making known their crimes and would seek to propitiate them through the wealth of its financiers, the influence of its great men. Such was the issue on which, after two years of struggle and agitation, the protagonists of open and democratic principles, led by Justice Louis D. Brandeis, gained their victory in 1916. The committee was discredited as spokesman for the Jews and the American Jewish Congress was founded as the organ of the Jewish people in the United States. "The congress is not an end in itself," wrote Justice Brandeis. "It is an incident in the organization of the Jewish people—an instrument through which their will may be ascertained, and when ascertained may be carried out." Thus the congress may be said to mark the adoption of American democratic ideals as a basis of Jewish life and the final step in the emancipation of American Jewry from medievalism.

It is in the light of the democratic development traced here that other American influences on Jewish life, so inadequately described by the abstract words freedom and mediocrity, opportunity and materialism, gain significance and coherence. For where medieval persecution fashioned a servile, patronage-seeking, civically inactive people, American democracy wrought an independent, aggressive, and socially responsible citizenry. Though there are the elements of a paradox in the fact that American freedom is largely responsible for Jewish mediocrity, the most cursory examination of the various generations of Jews in America will prove that not here but under the rigorous conditions established by hostile governments was developed the "high-strung" type, so mentally alert, responsive, and adaptable. Free America has decreased the number of defectives among Jews but she has also turned the host of "quick, brave intellects" into a normal, stodgy bourgeoisie. Equally paradoxical, in view of the medieval fable that every Jew is a miserly millionaire, it may seem to say that America has contributed much to the materialism of her Jews. Nevertheless, one needs but compare Jewish life here with that in the Pale to realize how much of spirituality, of faith, and of idealism has been shed with the gabardine for a ready-made suit.

Moreover, the democratic influence, accompanied by the inevitable leveling process, has made nondescript the Jewish social structure. For, unlike the immigrants from Ireland, Italy, and Scandinavia, the Jews, who sought to escape persecution and political disabilities in Eastern Europe, were not of one class. Men of learning, position, and wealth were forced to sacrifice their all and join the masses that were fleeing from pogroms. But the Sh'Tadlan neither troubled nor was he competent to distinguish one destitute immigrant from another. He herded the foreigners to any work available as fast as they came off the ships. The pitiful result can be illustrated by the fact that, though tailor is a Jewish term of obloquy, thousands entered the needle trades simply because these required the minimum period of apprenticeship.

Here, then, was an anomaly! The artisan, always in demand in America, rose to a state of affluence; the unskilled laborer and petty trader, accustomed to the miserable conditions of the Pale, considered their lot vastly improved even in East Side tenements; but the professional classes found themselves at the very nadir of degradation. The

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Ghetto, echoing a primitive America, demanded aggressiveness, ability and persistence, strength and grossness, shrewdness and unscrupulousness; the ascetic, sensitive, and temperamental Jewish intelligentsia lacked all these elements of success. Again reflecting America, the Ghetto paid homage to material advancement rather than to birth and culture, and thus wiped out its own upper classes and with them its standards.

Thus the second generation of the Ghetto, born in utter ignorance of class alignments on any other bases than income, accepted literally the American democratic formula that all men are created equal. Naturally on contact with their Gentile colleagues the Jews found social prejudice, a prejudice which has been equally exhibited to the Irish and Italian parvenu. But the eminent surgeon and the brilliant lawyer did not recognize that the social rebuffs they received were due to the fact that the one could not carve his fowl and the other roared above the pleasant hum of decorous vapidities. They knew no other prejudice than anti-Semitism, and they interpreted social snobbery as an anti-Jewish manifestation.

It is no pleasant task for a Jew to record the reaction that followed. But recorded it must be since it forms an important part of the saga of Jewish Americanization. Considering, then, their nationality as a handicap to social advancement, thousands of professional Jews set about to eliminate that handicap. Already they had unconsciously gone a long way on this path, for there is a natural feeling of inferiority which causes immigrants to shed those distinctive characteristics that constitute their foreignness and to adopt the most common—in both senses of the word—customs and manners of their new environment. The second generation discarded its religion because the orthodox ritual was incompatible with the American way of living; with religion went language, history, and tradition. The new citizens accepted the prevalent American outlook on life just as they accepted slang, baseball, and two-party politics. They were at ease in America, but they lost thereby the ideality, the sensitiveness, and the intellectual preoccupation of a suppressed and martyred people.

This much was the result of unconscious Americanization. It was actually institutionalized in the Reform Movement, which under the influence of nineteenth-century liberalism and through the desire for assimilation cast off orthodox ritual and taboos, abolished the distinguishing characteristics of Jewish communal life, and thus raised to the dignity of a doctrine the inevitable changes of living. But they who aspired to become "amateur Gentiles" sought more radical forms of race suicide. In place of the Reform temple they substituted such dejudaizing agencies as the Ethical Culture movement, the New Thought cults, and even Christian Science, arguing naively: "The Jews are simply a religious group; we need only accept another doctrine to divorce ourselves from our forefathers."

The pitiful self-delusion of this attitude is obvious. It is further emphasized by contrast with the position of the conscious Jew who, though genuinely desiring complete Americanization, considers assimilation a racial question, not an individual's problem. He must see clear in two directions. On the one hand, he must be convinced that he is no longer deserting a losing side in battle, that the success of Zionism which stands for the perpetuation of the Jewish race and of its cultural traditions in Palestine is assured; on the other, he must feel more certain than he is today that America means something more than a one-sided assimilation. The United States cannot eat its cake and refuse to digest it. Unless it be the Indian, there is as yet no American type; the future American will be the result of a synthesis of all the people that have poured their life-blood into the veins of our nation. Hence it is impossible for the Jew—and the same principles applies to Irishman, German, Italian, and the others—to become one hundred per cent American until America is at least 3 per cent Jewish.

The recent virulent outcropping of prejudice must not obscure the fact that for the Jews America has been without equal as a land of opportunity. Education and the arts, industry and politics were open for them, and for the average Jew this literally meant the discovery of a new world. How he has availed himself of these opportunities needs not my telling. The spring, so long compressed, was here released to its greatest extent. And there can be no doubt that one of the basic reasons for present anti-Semitism lies in the fact that the Jew, unobtrusive when he came shrunken as a collapsed balloon, crowds and irritates his Gentile neighbor now that he is full-blown, inflated by the riches of America.

This anti-Jewishness, though growing, is still slight and ineffective, still confined in its purely Semitic phase to the Gentile foreigners in America who have brought their old-world antagonisms. On the other side of the medal can be seen America's contribution to this problem. One can see the little Irish urchin who heaved his brick at the "Christ-killer" now grown into a politician who represents an East Side district, argues the cause of his Jewish constituents, and divides his political plums among them. In the army during the war I have seen reserve and prejudice melt away in the light of intimacy and the heat of a common task; nor were noses measured when the stretcher-bearers sought out the wounded.

Under the stairs of an "L" station on the West Side of New York there is a newsstand in which an old Jew sits from early morning till late at night. Undisturbed by the rumbling trains, the constant footsteps on the stairs, the noisy street traffic, barely heeding the calls of his customers, and automatically making change for them, he constantly reads in a large Hebrew book. Beard, side-locks, and skull-cap proclaim his orthodoxy, and like the orthodox he moves his lips rapidly and hums as he reads.

This was a rabbi once, the judge and shepherd for a community of five hundred souls. He had veneration from his flock and respect from his Gentile neighbors, and of material things a house, servants, and a well-stocked pantry; now there is none so poor to do him reverence. He lives with his old wife in one room of a filthy tenement; his earnings barely give him sustenance. Yet until recently he was content, content with his work and lot, content to forget his honors and comforts and with them fear, fire, the cries of the outraged and dying. But now that his eyes catch headlines: Ford Attacks Jews; Harvard Bars Jews; Klan Anti-Jewish, he wonders whether the separation from the graves of his fathers, the tearing asunder of living bonds, and the bleak life he leads are insufficient to purchase the peace and security that was America's most needed contribution for the weary, wandering Jew.

This is the fourth of a series of articles on The Jew in America. Other articles will follow.

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The Modern Scene

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

THERE are people who will always be surprised, annoyed, and angered at the appearance of novelty in English literature, and feel that an effort is being made to browbeat them into accepting a mere eccentric somersault of words, with little depth or reason behind it. To these people literature is not a forward and acrobatic march, in which new realms of style and content are pierced by appropriately different groups of words, but a succession of transparent individualities, beneath which one can discern the common heart of the world. If these conservatives are to be believed, the writer's originality of style is of little significance, and when he deliberately appeals to the conscious mind and heart of readers he becomes a minor creator. According to these desperate defenders of rhapsody and stand-still the literary creator is important only when he touches the universal, subconscious mind, or when, with a divine and palpitant ecstasy, he lifts us above the rituals of intellect and deliberate imagination. In other words, the great writer must be a spontaneous grave-digger, always exposing the same corpses and restoring them to life with the intensity of his desire, or an effortless, inspired god. In this latter connection we are never told exactly how the god acquires his inspired authority, but since it does not spring from any conscious restlessness of mind or heart it must be a mysterious gift, dropped into isolated human beings by some hidden hand.

Behind this grandiose nonsense we can spy a monotonous hatred of originality—hated by those who possess it only in a minute degree—and we can also observe a mental laziness that becomes industrious only when it attempts to defend itself. But curiously enough, the very critic who is forever belittling originality in literature indulges in the most far-fetched efforts to prove that it does not exist in the radical writers of his time. For example, certain critics have recently asserted that Mr. T. S. Eliot is a mere echo of the age that corrupted John Dryden, that another radical poet is a reflection of Shakespeare and Sir John Lyly—critics must be nonplussed indeed when they are forced to retreat over three hundred years before they can mention the source—and that still another modern poet has read Chaucer too carefully. These contradictory attitudes are caused by the fact that your conservative is so afraid of originality that he must seek to eradicate it at all cost, while at other times pretending to be indifferent to it. Another method of banning freshness in English literature is to insist that great writing is motivated by a desire to appeal to a universality of experience and contains stuff that must become gradually clear to average people—to "soldiers and merchants, highwaymen and thieves" (to quote a recent critic). Now, in regard to the highwaymen and thieves, since they violate the rules and traditions of social custom some of them may be receptive to the equal daring of originality in literature, but I fear that the soldiers and merchants are for the most part hopeless, not to speak of tanners, bricklayers, and plumbers. But at least the conservative permits literature to be conscious in one respect—in its longing to be understood by average people—and, in other words, he forces himself to desert even his god of spontaneity when that god becomes unconsciously subtle!

It is the habit of certain critics to hold up common people as simple, clearly vigorous, strongly wistful beings when for the most part these people are blind, sorry tangles of wrangling stupidity, dull cruelty, and docile slumber. There may have been, indeed, great literary creators who were under the pleasant delusion that they were appealing to average or disreputable men, but I doubt whether thieves and cutthroats, for instance, have ever obtained much sustenance from the poems of François Villon. The tragedy of those who write of common folk is that they are not appreciated by the very people in whom they choose to become immersed. Whitman, the intense shouter of democracy and homely facts, is not on the shelves of shopgirls and truck-drivers, and, to cite a more recent example, I have never found that farmers or farm-hands were much interested in Robert Frost. An appreciation of great literature demands some degree of education, an innate desire to escape from the surface lies and compromises of practical life, an agile mind, and an obedient, flexible imagination—qualities that have so far resided in only a small part of the world's population. Certain poets—Browning, the best of Shelley, Verlaine, Matthew Arnold—have never been penetrated and relished by more than a handful of people, in spite of many who move their lips into a mechanical praise, and even Shakespeare is present in thousands of homes merely because it is considered a proof of culture to have him on the shelf. Universality of appreciation is an alluring myth made by certain critics, some of them sincere in their determination to exalt the audience, and others merely hiding their inborn dread of novelty and the experimental gesture.

The great writer is usually conscious of his isolation in a world of cloudy machinations and blindly shrieking emotions, and a spirit of violated loneliness compels him to raise the difference of his voice. Often this loneliness induces him to fashion a dream of nearness to average beings, and a picture of comradeship with the people around him, but in such cases he changes these people to what he would like them to be, using his imagination to cross the ravine. At other times he describes them more nearly as they are but clarifies them with a pity and restraint which they themselves do not possess. Certain critics are forever pointing out and deifying the "human" elements in great writers, but it is apparent that these creators invaded the clamorous, uncertain, and often false welter of actual life and gave it a cohesion and a manifest fineness which it does not really hold, and in so far as they did this they were "inhuman." This continual pounding at an "earth-over-all" slogan is frequently manufactured by critics who like their earth in a direct and sweeping form, and who can best guard this predisposition by insisting that more qualified and questioning forms are less earthly, or not earthly at all. The neatest labyrinth of intellect and emotion is as much a part of earth as the most poignantly simple lyric, and the difference is that the former challenges the shapeless muddle of existence while the latter seeks an intense oblivion, adoration.

But to return to the modern scene in literature, leaving the fallacies with which certain critics strive to diminish

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it, its virtues have been gleefully magnified and its flaws unfairly pilloried by the emotional parading and table-smashing that passes for criticism at the present time. You have certain critics who tell you that radical, modern English literature is important only when it ironically celebrates the chaos of this age; that it must be a vigorous affirmation of the essential beauty and importance of living; that it must take root in the vast urges and local mannerisms of a country; that it should be the prophet of a new spiritual order; that it will become feeble and thin unless it follows Walt Whitman's prescriptions; that it must do nothing save expose and analyze the pitfalls and nuances of sex, in their relation to contemporary people. Should you dare to contend that you see a bit of right and a great deal of wrong in these various credoes all camps will unite to scoff at you. An ill-tempered and crudely dogmatic flavor saturates the criticism of English literature at present. The scene narrows; almost no critic can spy more than two or three foremost poets or novelists; critics become the mere official megaphones of a group or school; and one can foretell almost the exact manner in which a critic will praise the darlings of his magazine and denounce or disparage the rest of the field. High-pitched expressions creep in—"most important," "greatest," "he will never need to be forgotten," "incredibly negligible" (if so, why go to the trouble of mentioning it?)—all of them lending their emotional shrapnel to the inner refusal or uncertainty. The current method is to make a smashing declaration of opinion, in which a clever exaggeration of the author's purpose is relied upon to bolster up the critic's unfairness of viewpoint, and to cover up with a breezily confident air the lack of explanatory details. Modern English literature of a radical turn is suffering from the fact that everyone is trying to explain and glorify a different part of it. There are almost no critics who are sincerely endeavoring to scan the whole, except the conservatives, who are at least inclusive in their attempts to demolish all of the original, experimental literature of our day. When, for instance, contemporary poets venture into literary criticism it would seem that they were seeking relief from the specific, inquisitive manual labor of their creations and entering a more broadly assertive, less arduous realm, in which they can play with a specious authority. I have met few poets who, in their conversation, did not qualify and relax the stiff dogmas of their printed, critical contentions, leaving one to wonder at the contradiction between their personal speech and essays. The explanation is that these poets in their criticisms enjoy the novelty and recreation of exchanging the more elastic daring of their creations for a revel with remarkably intolerant mistresses. The searching, sensitive hand clenches into a fist and rigid assertions conquer the scene. Contrary to the easy assumptions of certain people, the poet does not usually try to defend his own work with a critical gesture. He releases his mind from the more exacting, imaginative, and delicately adjusted labors of creation and splits a thousand tables with his fist, giving his energies an easier and more swaggering outlet. It does not greatly matter whether he does this consciously or unconsciously, except that in the former case his essays are apt to hold a more clever twist. In one of his neatly circumscribed essays, Mr. T. S. Eliot contends that a mathematician, well-versed in the details of mathematics, is alone qualified to deal with his science, and that poetry, equally complex and difficult, can also only be criticized by one who has created it. In other words, I cannot fully understand and analyze music unless I have composed it; my vision of sculpture will be obstructed by haze unless I have fought with clay; and architecture will baffle me if I have not thumbed a blue-print. If I agreed with Mr. Eliot, life would become boresome—one oasis of clarity at best, in a desert of darkness and half-visions—but, disagreeing with him, I can still retain my desire to live. If a man does not practice the art which he criticizes it will be possible for him to approach criticism with the original vigor with which the artist creates, and he will escape the heavily dogmatic exhaustion held by certain creators during the critical lulls in their labors. These achievements will at least be within his reach. His underlying fanaticism will be better able to hide beneath the elasticities and subtilities of written style, instead of rising, naked and ill-tempered, from difficult, previous tasks. The ridiculously sweeping criticisms of poets such as T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Conrad Aiken, and Louis Untermeyer have merely indicated how comparatively agile, creative minds can leave their more imaginative researches and adopt postures of unyielding and prosaic authority, enjoying the heavier and more direct attitudes.

Radical, modern literature written in English, especially poetry, is obscured between the opposing intolerances of conservative and radical critics and the result has been a mêlée of recriminations, traditions hunting for the shrinking experiment, with a bayonet, and astigmatic, radical critics, unable to see beyond the boundaries of their particular camp. In a situation of this kind it is logical that the three or four radical creators who will toweringly survive are not listed among the prize-winners and idols of any one faction, their creative outlines being too broadly aloof to win much praise from any of the smaller cleverernesses around them. You will see critics of every shade attacking the work of Ben Hecht; Aldous Huxley can gain nothing save an apprehensive and restrained praise here and there; William Carlos Williams—an infinitely better poet than either Pound or Eliot—receives no awards or critical attention; Wallace Stevens writes for the most part in obscurity. These men do not take their sex with a monotonous seriousness; do not always allow their intellects to murder emotion; do not believe that delicate fantasy is less important than Mrs. Porter washing her feet in soda water; and fail to ignore the possibility of a soul not always obstructed by inclosing flesh. They also show a tendency to see life as a smooth and shapeless substance, to be molded and colored by the imagination of an individual, and not as an array of fixed objects forming themselves into a bitter, inner chaos, or a divinely fruitful garden. For this heresy they are, of course, excommunicated, since life to most people is an abject, animal tragedy, or a beautiful and important drama. Although these creators are essentially satirical, or ironical, they use metaphors and similes to add variety to the edge of their attack, and do not always indulge in the naked, realistic orgies that are finding such favor in the present generation—a riotous, unadorned jig with the surface rituals of flesh and the senses. In a succeeding age these creators may win their belated wreath, but in the present one they can hope for little save attack, morsels of praise, and indifference. The trumpet blares of radical camps are not for them, and the evanescent awards of their generation are reserved for those creators whom the future will find it difficult to remember.

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The Hour in Verse

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

POETRY is eternal; rhythm is eternal. Measure rhythm by feet, and they call you shallow. Say that you mean by rhythm in poetry the recurrence of similar rhythm groups, and you are dubbed pedant. The word pattern is fashionable. But it involves a falseness. Pattern is in space. Literature and music are arts in time. Time must be divided and so made human and so made art by stress and fall—the stamping foot, the clapping hands, the accented syllable. The simplest human motions teach us the recurrence of these. All bodily expression tends to be dance; all vocal expression tends to be song; all verbal expression tends to be verse—fixed verse. We strike something primordial here, something changeless. The pulses and the heart will not beat in unrhythmed cadence. They keep time. Profound idiom! It is only by measuring time rhythmically that we can know it, create it, keep it.

After the arguments and the contortions we are back to rhythm. Mr. Alfred Kreymborg writes sonnets of strict observance; Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim uses the heroic couplet. He uses the couplet of Dryden rather than of Keats; the verses march rather than flow. Perhaps we were so wildly unrhythmed in America because our verse before this particular renaissance was so blunted in form and so spent in spirit. Nor was the turmoil without gain. The "Spoon River Anthology" remains magnificent literature, and not the "Spoon River Anthology" alone. But we welcome the forms that can once more give us passion, however strange and new, beauty however bitter. These need, to be released from the bondage of silence, rhythm; they need ecstasy. Ecstasy must dance or sing; it cannot speak.

The poem of the hour by an American flees from rhythm and is always drawn back to it. We are far from sure that we have any authentic clue to the meaning of "The Waste Land." We are quite sure that its subconscious flight from rhythm is a defeated flight:

> And upside down in air were towers
> Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
> And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.

That is very fine indeed, fine in a great and permanent manner. And so are lines like:

> Prison and palace and reverberation
> Of thunder of spring over distant mountains.

It would be amusing to quote these lines to the more ardent and ignorant of the post-expressionists in literature and ask them to guess the authorship. They might name any conventional poet. But even Mr. T. S. Eliot's most characteristic moments:

> Mr. Eugenedes the Smyrna merchant—

are often in blameless verse.

In England the volume of the hour is a volume calculated to abash the most hardened of the vers-libristes. The "Last Poems" of A. E. Housman are stringently and effortlessly perfect in form. Grace, power, music are here, in their own mood, quite matchless. The rhythms are as old as the English tongue. What then, the insurgents of form will ask, can this man have to say? And the answer is: This professor of Latin, this writer of old measures reaches beyond your wildest rebellions and stands securely on brinks where you tremble and draw back. He is neither subtle nor cerebral nor misty nor vague. His words are as clear and grave as his rhythms. But he sums you up and transcends you; it is his voice that will give your rebellion to the ages:

> And how am I to face the odds
> Of man's bedevilment and God's?
> I, a stranger and afraid
> In a world I never made.
> They will be master, right or wrong;
> Though both are foolish, both are strong.
> And since, my soul, we cannot fly
> To Saturn nor to Mercury,
> Keep we must, if keep we can,
> These foreign laws of God and man.

The situation on the Continent is not very different from that in England and America. In France literature has reached a moment of exhaustion. The most distinguished of French reviews prints verses indistinguishable from a thousand others since the rise of Symbolism:

> Voici l'heure où l'on voit les saules s'incliner.
> L'eau de la nuit les prend dans ses vagues profondes.

Renewal of form is far from such writing, but also inner force. In Germany suffering has dug up the spiritual soil, and poetry still flourishes. The unheard-of has come to pass, the unspeakable is to be spoken. But rhythm is reinstated. The innovations of Arno Holz come to one across the years with an archaic flavor. Becker, Hasenclever, Benn, and Werfel use rhythm and rhyme. If a poet departs even from the latter, it is to return, for philosophical purposes—as Goethe did and Matthew Arnold—to measures akin to those of the Greek choric odes. Thus in a recent miscellany edited by Hofmannsthal we find:

> Wer verböte mir
> meine Wandlung,
> wer die Heimkehr
> hinter die Dinge?

Here as in the verse of Housman we have the implacable searching of the modern spirit expressed through the inevitable and eternal forms. Perhaps that is the note of the hour in verse everywhere. We can think of none that is likely to make the immediate future of poetry more stirring.

Stirring! Let us keep to that word. That is what poetry must be; that is what great verse has always been. Rhyme is a late innovation of secondary importance. Music is native to the blood. The history of poetry shows that the writers who, upon one theory or another, subordinate music do not weld high passion with stringent thought but fall into frigidness and into conceits. There are contemporary parallels to Donne at his worst, Quarles at his wildest. This is what must give the critic and the lover of poetry pause. Scan conscientiously the pages of the free-verse writers and see how often a tortured fancy has been busy there, how rarely a creative, interpreting, transfiguring imagination. That imagination is never cool, even in prose. Exercised at its highest it often finds music—the music of its meaning—before the meaning itself. It sings; it stirs; it is poetry; it is the verse that is eternal.

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Why the Farmer Starves

By JOHN F. SINCLAIR

ON October 10 the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis issued an exhaustive booklet on "The Economic Position of Agriculture in the Northwestern Grain Raising Areas." It was presented to the annual conference of Federal Reserve agents with the Federal Reserve Board at Washington. This is not unusual; but the significant thing about the report was that the facts shown therein were so serious and far-reaching that it was issued as "confidential —not for publication." On November 28, about a month later, another report was issued from the same source on "The Problems of the Northwest Farmers," being in the main a reprint of some of the facts shown in the earlier report. What do these reports and others really show?

The four States of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana contain 388,482 farms, consisting of 75,250,000 acres of improved land. In the first place, land tenancy is on the increase:

From 21 per cent in 1910 to 34.7 per cent in 1920 in Minnesota.

From 14.3 per cent in 1910 to 25.6 per cent in 1920 in North Dakota,

From 24.8 per cent in 1910 to 35.7 per cent in 1920 in South Dakota,

From 8.9 per cent in 1910 to 11.3 per cent in 1920 in Montana.

In other words, there are 97,100 farms in these States now being worked by tenants.

In the second place, farm expenses and overhead are on the increase. Total taxes increased in these four States from $99,009,417 in 1916 to $206,141,731 in 1921. Millions of dollars of additional bonds—school, road-building, auditoriums—were sold to add still further to the load. How much no one can even approximate. It is safe to say, however, that bond indebtedness of all political subdivisions has increased 100 per cent during the past ten-year period. County expenses have doubled and city and town expenses nearly doubled.

Farm mortgage indebtedness—the first liens on these 388,000 improved farms in the finest agricultural section of America—increased from $169,220,509 in 1910 to $530,791,929 in 1920—more than 300 per cent. And this is not all. The short-time paper obligations owing to the 3,500 banks of these four States increased from $455,310,000 on June 7, 1911, to $1,195,000,000 on July 1, 1922—more than 250 per cent increase.

It would be a difficult matter to meet these tremendous increased burdens of taxes, interest, and government expense with $3.50 wheat. It could be done. But never, never, in God's world will it be done with the prices which the farmer has received for his products during the past three years.

These menacing overheads have piled up like a huge mountain, but unlike the mountain they are growing higher and higher every day and night of the farmer's life. But this shows only one side of the picture. What about the prices charged the farmer for the things he must purchase —machinery, binder twine, lumber? A mowing machine, which in 1914 sold for $47.50, in 1922 costs the farmer $70; his manure spreader formerly worth $100 now costs $200; binder twine for harvesting the grain which formerly sold at 7 and 8 cents, now sells at from 14 to 16 cents; a binder formerly cost $135—now it costs $225. The prices of other articles which the farmer purchases are increasing in like proportion; while on September 11, 1922, the average price at 61 scattered grain-shipping points for the best No. 1 dark northern hard spring wheat was 93.3 cents. That is what the farmer got for his choice wheat. What did it cost to raise it?

Complete cost records of 127 North Dakota farms in 1921 showed an average cost of wheat production of $1.43 net per bushel. These farms were scattered over 31 counties, well distributed both east and west, and represent a fair average of farm operations in the State. The average yield per acre was 9.05 bushels. If one computes acreage cost and returns, a better and more reliable method, we find that in each of the grain-growing States the cost of production in 1920, 1921, and 1922 exceeded by from 50 per cent to 100 per cent the price which the farmer received for the grain. Let us go a little further into the analysis of this difficulty. Take the wheat crop. From 1880 to 1922 inclusive we produced in the United States more than 26,000,000,000 bushels, or an average of 620,000,000 bushels annually, and during the same time we sold on the world market 7,100,000,000 bushels, including flour, or an average yearly of approximately 165,000,000. That means that in the case of wheat for every 62 bushels of wheat raised during the past 42 years 16.5 bushels sold on a world market in competition with the grain of the rest of the world. Now during the past three years, the farmer has gone so deeply in debt raising a surplus that he cannot pay interest on what he owes, due to the low prices he is getting for his products and to the high prices he pays for everything he buys. Anyone who says the farmer needs more credit at this time, when he cannot pay interest on what he already owes, is not speaking for the Northwest.

The bank loans in the Northwest are frozen tight. On June 30, 1921, the aggregate deposits of all the banking institutions in the four States of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana were $1,375,069,000. Their loans and discounts were $1,219,819,000. On June 30, 1922, their deposits were $1,408,114,000 and their loans and discounts were $1,195,413,000. The increase in deposits was nominal, amounting to 2.4 per cent, and the decrease in loans and discounts was even less important, amounting to $24,406,000, or 2 per cent. This liquidation of $24,000,000 came from the cities, where many firms have been contracting their business and credits during the past three years. It is quite generally agreed that there has been no legitimate liquidation in farm paper during the past two years. The War Finance Corporation put approximately $60,000,000 in new money into these States during the same time. It is true that the large city banks may show an artificial liquidation, caused by compelling the small country banks to transfer their debts from them over to the War Finance Corporation. This arrangement enabled the large city banks to liquidate, with the help of the War Finance Corporation, a very large percentage of their slow and doubtful farmer's paper which was held by them as collateral to country bank obligations.

Based on the Department of Labor Index figures for wholesale prices covering 404 articles and making an average of these, the farmer should be receiving $1.63 for his

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No. 1 northern spring wheat on the Chicago market instead of $1.28, which he received as of November 1, 1922. Since that time wheat has gone down again to about $1.20. Department of Agriculture reports show that the farmer, based on purchasing power, is receiving approximately 50 cents a bushel less for his wheat now than he should be receiving.

It is pertinent to ask here just why the prices of farm products are so low when the price of everything which the farmer is purchasing is almost at war level. A study of the situation will reveal the fact that the ten-year average of 6.4 per cent of the annual grain crop which we send abroad to meet the general trade price level of the world in competition with the products of the cheaper lands and labor of other countries—with the peons, the Hindus, and the peasants of Europe—automatically fixes the price of the remaining 94 per cent which we consume at home. That 6 per cent grain surplus is the cause of the tragic difficulties now facing 7,000,000 American farm owners.

If wheat were a local problem, the determination of all the factors that influence prices and should guide production would be a simple matter. But the United States is one of the fourteen countries that export a surplus of this crop. Australia, New Zealand, upper Egypt, India, Asia Minor, Canada, and Argentina are heavy exporters of wheat, while lesser amounts are exported from Chili and Uruguay, and in normal years there are substantial exports from Rumania, Bulgaria, and Russia, with moderate exports from Austria-Hungary. The Canadian export surplus follows very closely after the American shipments in time of arrival in the foreign market. On its heels come the Argentine crop and the Australian and New Zealand crops, while a little later and before the American export movement is completed India comes into the market with an amount equal to about one-third of the American export surplus. Chili, upper Egypt, and Asia Minor likewise contribute a surplus, the effect of which is to launch against the American export movement a weight of normal wheat exports from other countries running about 323,000,000 bushels of wheat. This tremendous volume, nearly twice the amount of wheat exported by the United States, must necessarily exert a powerful influence upon the conditions surrounding wheat production at home and upon the domestic price, and it serves to explain why the world's wheat price is made in Liverpool and not in the United States.

The price of the 6 per cent grain surplus sold abroad is low today because of the fast decreasing purchasing power of European currency, tariff walls, the cheap labor and materials on the world market, and the small amount of gold or credit in Europe which can be exchanged for our goods. And so the price which is received for this 6 per cent goes lower and lower and the price which the American farmer gets for his 94 per cent also goes lower and lower, until today the farmers of the Northwest are bankrupt. Foreclosures are everywhere, suicides are common, farmers and their families are giving up by the hundreds and packing a few old pieces of furniture in their old wagons and starting out—God knows where! Can the American Government, which spent millions of dollars in getting these farmers to take up the idle lands, stand by and allow disintegration on such a wholesale basis to go on?

The large corporate units of production are now able to take care of themselves. They even succeed in getting higher and higher tariff legislation to protect themselves while the farmer is left unprotected. The financial disease of Europe is allowed to enter America to disorganize, demoralize, and corrupt our most important industry—farming. If we protect the manufacturers of the United States against the competition of cheap labor and merchandise of Europe and the world, why should not the farmer class—a great deal more vital to our welfare than any other—be protected in the only way he can be protected against the competition of a cheap and demoralized world market. The Government should step in and take up this surplus of 6 per cent and sell it abroad on the best terms possible. In other words the Government should protect the farmer against the "bear raid" on that 6 per cent sold abroad so that the price for the remaining 94 per cent sold at home will be sufficient to enable the farmer to pay his taxes, his interest on his debts, and still have a little left over for his family. This is not advocated as a permanent measure of relief. It is only advocated to protect the American farmer against the financial disease of Europe today. When this is done, measures of permanent relief—to give the farmers the same access to credit facilities of the world as those engaged in other lines of business, better production and marketing credit, better grading facilities, lower tariffs, lower freight rates, enlarged cooperative efforts, and finally serious help in rebuilding European business—should be undertaken.

Contributors to This Issue

FRANK W. GARRISON is a frequent contributor to the *Freeman* and other periodicals.

ELLWOOD HENDRICK is a chemist and author of essays on scientific, philosophic, and literary topics. His books include "Everyman's Chemistry" and "Percolator Papers."

EMIL LENGYEL, an Hungarian physician, was formerly on the staff of the *Magyar Hirlap* (Budapest) and later with the Vienna financial paper, the *Boerse*.

HENRY J. CADBURY is assistant professor of New Testament interpretation at Andover Theological Seminary.

ACHMED ABDULLAH is the author of "A Grammar of the Little Known Bantu Dialects," "The Blue-Eyed Manchu," "The Man on Horseback," "The Mating of the Blades," and other volumes of philology, adventure, and fiction.

HAROLD J. LASKI, formerly lecturer at Harvard, is now teaching at the London School of Economics.

ELLEN HAYES, formerly professor of astronomy and applied mathematics at Wellesley College, is the author of "Letters to a College Girl," and of works on trigonometry and algebra.

KUNO FRANCKE, professor emeritus of German literature at Harvard, is the author of "Social Forces in German Literature," "Glimpses of Modern German Literature," and other volumes of history and criticism.

ARTHUR RUHL, editor, author, and newspaper correspondent, represented the New York *Evening Post* in the Baltic States in 1920.

JOHN F. SINCLAIR is a Minneapolis banker in close touch with the economic conditions of the farmers.

In next week's Nation *will appear* Connecticut: A Nation in Miniature, *by Don C. Seitz, the twenty-seventh article in the series These United States.*

William Hard's weekly Washington letter is missing in this issue because of delay in the mails.

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The Bolshevik Drive on the Church

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE Russia which the Western world used to know through literature and travelers' tales seemed profoundly religious. It was "Holy Russia," just as it was "Merrie England" or *la belle France*, and it seemed as natural as it was touching that Russian soldiers should go out, as they did in the early days of the Great War, to face machine-guns and modern artillery with prayer and clouds of incense and blessings on their banners. The wisdom of the devout and trusting "fool" was always coming out in Russian stories to confound the shallow eloquence of the sophisticated. We were told, and we believed, that the Slav's contribution to Western civilization was to be spiritual; that Russia would lead a world obsessed by machinery and "works" of all sorts back to simple faith. One could scarcely think of Russia, in the hullabaloo of London or New York, without seeing the clustered domes of Russian churches sprouting toward the sky and multitudes bowing and crossing themselves, and without hearing the diapason of mighty choruses and of Moscow's bells.

Nothing since the revolution, perhaps, has seemed more incredible and incongruous than the occasional echoes of what was happening in the Russian church. The oft-reported "Religion Is the Opiate of the People," printed on one of the walls opposite the Kremlin; the confiscation of church treasures last summer; the anti-religious demonstration in Moscow last Christmas—things like these have shocked Western sensibilities as much as have indiscriminate executions, and bewildered them even more. To the more tender-minded it seemed that such things could not be in Russia; that their existence, if they did exist, proved not only the viciousness of the revolutionary Government but the moral decadence of the people themselves. Natural as such inferences are, they are less a statement of the actual facts, I think, than an example of the common habit of generalizing about a people from the antics of the individuals who happen to get into the newspapers; of personifying a nation from the few chance and unimportant particulars which the distant observer may have run across. This, like other Russian phenomena, should be viewed in the light of the various forces of race, habit, and surroundings which affect Russians today. Governmental decrees do not change human nature overnight any more than do other phrases. Otherwise prohibition would prohibit, the Gopher Prairies would vanish on the publication of "Main Street," and Mr. Wilson would have had a happier experience in reforming the world.

I have no doubt, for instance, that the phrase "Religion Is the Opiate of the People" brought more emotional response from New York when the news of it was cabled to the American papers than it did from Moscow itself. The Russians were never a newspaper-reading people in our sense of the word—a whole country instantaneously and simultaneously knowing and talking about the same thing. I searched for some little time one morning shortly after my arrival in Moscow for the famous phrase, and I dare say that in that city of something like two millions there are several hundred thousand who do not even know it is there. Meanwhile the Moscow bells go on ringing, and there is scarce a spot within a stone's throw of which you cannot find a church or a shrine of some sort, and candles burning and people kissing the holy pictures.

The revolution has profoundly shaken the church as it has every other ancient institution in Russia. It has changed the religious habits of many; and while some of the former "bourgeoisie," especially men, have become more "religious" than before, and cling to the church as the one link with the old days and try to find consolation there, a greater number, probably, of the newer generation have been turned in the other direction. But the surprising thing, perhaps, considering the virulence of the attacks on the church and religion, is the way in which the bulk of the people go on acting and believing just as they did before.

The quarrel of the Bolsheviks with the Russian church is quite understandable (I do not say justified) and can be explained on purely political grounds. It is not necessary to take into consideration that many of the bolshevik leaders are Jews, although of course many of them are, nor that the Communist Party includes some who seem to have no religion at all, either mystical or "practical," but are simply agents of destruction. It is not necessary to consider anything further than that the Bolsheviks are a political minority intent on holding and consolidating their power. The church has always had great influence over people's minds and personal actions, and up to the time of the revolution at least it was not without influence on their Government. Roughly speaking, it has come down intact—an Ark, riding the deluge of revolution. Many of its higher dignitaries owe their advancement not merely to their spiritual qualities but to the favor in which they were held by the old regime. From the bolshevik point of view, the church is naturally a center of reaction and a source of possible danger and as politicians it is to their interest to weaken its unity and prevent it from exercising any temporal power.

It is quite possible to explain their attacks on religion itself on similar grounds. Their task at the beginning was largely that of stirring up discontent (as it is becoming now more and more that of governing and making people satisfied); of spurring on an ignorant and indolent mass to go out and grab what they wanted. "Be less meek!" Lenin wrote the Finnish Reds when he was trying to push them into revolution. In so far as the Christian religion made people more "meek," more inclined to endure the present in the hope of a reward in heaven, it was again, looked at from the entirely hard-boiled political point of view—and the Bolsheviks have been nothing if not "hard-boiled"—something to be combated. To make a militant revolutionist out of the good-natured, more or less lazy Russian peasant, with his almost Oriental habit of taking what comes and assuming that it was so written, is probably quite another matter from stirring up proletarian Italians or Frenchmen. And "Religion Is the Opiate of the People" has quite another connotation in the half-medieval air of Moscow to what it has for Westerners who already have political liberty, every

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material comfort that science can devise, and are just beginning to hunger and thirst for real religion as the one thing lacking in their crowded and rectangular lives.

A shiver of apprehension ran through the more conscious orthodox Russians last autumn when, after the confiscation of valuables in the churches and the arrest of the Patriarch Tikhon, the Moscow *Izvestia* printed an interview with V. N. Lvov, procurator of the Holy Synod in the Kerensky days and now a member of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Administration, explaining the attitude of the newly formed "Living Church." This "reformed" church was to make certain changes in the ritual and in the church administration, to have as its headquarters the great Cathedral of the Redeemer in Moscow, and apparently to have the backing of the Government.

Mr. Lvov spoke of "scouring out reactionary elements," "getting rid of rotten lumber," and explained rather ingenuously that this scouring would have to take place before an All-Russian Ecclesiastical Council was called or otherwise the council would not reform anything. It was impossible, Mr. Lvov continued, to observe the principle of a separation of church and state in a time of revolution. Peter the Great hadn't hesitated to interfere with the church when he found it necessary. There would have to be a new episcopate, new diocesan representatives, new parish councils, and so on.

Shortly after this announcement appeared, reports began to come in from the provinces of interferences in the local affairs of various churches by emissaries of the Living Church. I happened myself to be in the Volga town of Simbirsk during one of these squabbles and saw something of the mental distress of orthodox churchmen at what they regarded as not only a violation of all orderly procedure but an insult to their faith. A priest, hitherto unknown to them, had come down to Simbirsk, and announcing that he represented the Living Church had deposed the local archbishop, threatened with a "free trip to Moscow at the expense of the state" anyone who should oppose him, and, in brief, behaved as a sort of religious commissar who made his own laws as he went along. The assembly of clergy and laymen into which he had introduced himself was overborne for the moment, but they got their second wind presently, and though they felt that it might mean prison for them drew up a protest and forwarded it to Moscow:

> Informing you of the unanimous decision of the Simbirsk assembly to request Archbishop Alexander to resume again the archiepiscopal authority in the Simbirsk diocese, we cannot refrain from forwarding to the S.E.C. (Supreme Ecclesiastical Council) our deepest regrets that in such an important matter as the dismissal of an archbishop—who, moreover, did not hold his see from the S.E.C.—the S.E.C. executed its decision without any offense whatsoever on the part of Archbishop Alexander, and, as is now apparent, wholly against the will of his flock; acting, indeed, in a way similar to that used in the days of the imperial autocracy.
>
> In consequence of the aforesaid, with brotherly love we beg you, reverend fathers and archbishops, not to oppose the decision of the clergy and laymen of Simbirsk, and if the doctrine of our Lord Jesus be really dear to you, and if you have not forgotten that the church is the body of Christ and do not wish to tear it once more in pieces and torture it, that you will not bring discord among the believing and serve as an object of derision and temptation for the unbelieving.

The Simbirsk assembly further said that it was entirely ready to cooperate with the Government in freeing the church of counter-revolutionary elements.

> The church cannot and must not remain immovable in the forms which she took centuries ago, when the conditions of life and the church were different . . . the assembly finds it necessary and desirable to urge the conflict and competition of opposed views and opinions, as it is only thus that the universal truth of the Christian faith can be made clear from new points of view and that Christianity really penetrates into life.

They asked that a council be called in Moscow for that purpose, in the regular way, and that the S.E.C. refrain from making changes until such council had been called. And they added that if the S.E.C. insisted on "scouring" the church, according to Mr. Lvov's advice, and "putting men of doubtful faith and still more doubtful life and morals into the place of the ancient orthodox bishops, priests, and parish workers, white-haired, pious in life, and experienced in faith and religious knowledge—if this happens, the church of the Simbirsk diocese will be forced to govern itself autonomously, which right is given by Paragraphs 2 and 3 of the decrees concerning the separation of church and state and the liberty of conscience."

I never heard what came of this little rebellion, but I doubt if the Government, in so far as it was mixed up in the matter, cared to do more than make a rift and start two groups quarreling. Moreover, the first "reform" was scarcely announced when a new movement appeared, the so-called "Revived Church." This was led by the Metropolitan, Archbishop Antonius, and seemed to be aimed at the devout unthinking peasantry, as the Living Church was aimed rather more at the town "democracy." In the Moscow *Pravda* Antonius was quoted one day as saying:

> If I can sometimes compel myself to collaborate with them in one common administrative system in order that this system may not fall in pieces, I cannot in conscience remain in spiritual communion with them. And this I have experienced for the first time last Sunday in the Strastnoy monastery. When the Credo was being sung the leader of the Living Church, Arch-priest Krasnitzsky, came up to me, according to custom, with the words "Christ is among us." Instead of the ritual answer, "He is and will be forever," I said: "Between us Christ cannot be," and refused to give him the usual kiss. "You have done right!" the congregation shouted.

Squabbles of this nature were reported frequently in the papers under the general heading The Church at the Crossroads. The Moscow *Pravda* related one day a quaint interchange of civilities between the Central Committee of the White (married) clergy of the Living Church and the clergy of the Church of the Blessed Virgin's Nativity, in Old Simon Street, on the one hand, and the workmen of the "Dynamo" factory and the Communist group of the Simonov section of Moscow, on the other. The first two, each supporting the other, urged the workmen and Communists to suppress the Simonov monastery, in their section of the town, in order that it might be changed into a parish church. According to the writer in *Pravda* this curious request represented merely a quarrel between the White clergy of the church and the Black (celibate) monks, in which they wanted the help of the Red workmen:

> It is simply a fight for parishioners. The White priests wish to monopolize the fooling and robbing of the Simonov inhabitants, and the monastery stands in their way. It generally gets the lion's share of the collections.

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The Communist Unit answered that the party had struggled both with the Black and White clergy during the civil war. On the religious front it fights and will continue to fight against both hues, white and black. And inasmuch as the Living Church has raised the question of suppressing the Simonov monastery, the Communist Unit believes that the best solution will be to suppress both the Simonov monastery and the Nativity church. The workmen will know how to avail themselves of these buildings for other organizations more useful to the mind and less wasteful to the purse!

How much real workmen had to do with this affair, or whether it really happened, or was merely a debating-point scored by the writer in *Pravda*, I am not aware, but it was quite in line, at any rate, with what was in the air. A writer in the *Izvestia*, commenting on the rival "reform" movements, said that the essence of both was the same:

A miserable-looking, cowardly liberalism, with the only difference that the Living Church puts its stake on the town dwellers' solidarity, and the Revived Church on country people's ignorance. Splitting of church groups will continue on the way toward sectarianism. The task of real science will be to follow attentively all innovations, discovering all their contradictions, for the sake of the triumph of truth and the extermination of ecclesiastical ignorance and religious superstition.

A newspaper editorial like this would sound like the explosion of a ton of dynamite in our quiet Western air. On Russian ears, deadened by five years' verbal barrage, it scarcely rises above a murmur. Most do not read it at all. Some read and shrug their shoulders. A few of the more brooding and sensitive are torn with a sort of physical pain. And there are still others who read and philosophically recall that all this was said, and better said, by French encyclopedists a hundred and fifty years ago.

Those who have followed the controversy between Bishop Manning and Dr. Percy Stickney Grant might be interested to speculate on the influence of environment on such iconoclasm as this. How far, for instance, might the Western liberal's search for a more "real" religion that will include his intellect and social conscience be driven, if, instead of reaching out in our spacious and sympathetic air, it found itself beating against the walls of the half-medieval Eastern church? Such speculations apart, there is a certain naivete and pathos in these materialistic invocations to steam and electricity at a moment when that part of the world which has built up its civilization largely on modern science is trying to break through and escape its spiritual tyranny!

The Russian church will go through many changes, of course, like every other institution in Russia, and to the several million dissenters of various sorts who existed before the revolution will be added the members of newer sects. Just before I left Moscow the cook of an American acquaintance of mine joyfully announced that she had joined the Baptist church, been baptized in the freezing waters of the Moscow river, and that she could reach God directly now without the intervention of any priest. Even the atheistic scouts will have their uses, doubtless, and long after they have played their forgotten part of pioneers the Moscow bells will still be ringing, the little gilded and indigo-blue domes will still rise above every Russian landscape, and into the dim interiors the people will still come to kneel and pray.

Porto Rico's Workers Awake

By ARTHUR WARNER

(*The Nation's Special Correspondent in the Caribbean*)

San Juan, January 31

A YOUNG man from New England who is teaching school in a town in Porto Rico told me this story:

One day a girl about twelve years old fell from a school swing and broke a leg. It happened that the girl's father, dead for a year, had been a Republican, while the principal of the school belonged to the largest and rival party of the island, the Unionist. The principal was notified of the accident and was asked to send for the municipal physician, who is paid a regular salary to attend those unable to afford a private practitioner. The next afternoon the teacher learned that the child had not been visited by the municipal doctor and, suspecting that he had not been notified, went to the principal. Promising to pay the telephone charges, the teacher demanded that the principal go with him to a telephone and call the physician. Under this pressure the principal reluctantly complied, but the physician did not reach the girl's house until the next day, after she had been without medical attention for forty-seven hours—with a broken leg.

Probably this is not an unusual illustration of the range and bitterness of partisanship in Porto Rico, where political ties are admittedly stronger than religious affiliations. Indeed there is a suggestion that old-time religious fanaticism has been carried over into insular politics in the fact that a person of one's own party is habitually referred to as a *correligionario* (fellow of the same religion). Even more than elsewhere politics is the bane of the country, and even as in the United States the issues are insincere or trivial. The only real issue is the division of the public offices. The Unionist Party, it is conceded, has in its membership the greater share of the brains of the island, and its declaration in favor of independence for Porto Rico may sound like a great principle. But, in fact, few of those who control the organization have ever regarded independence seriously except as a vote-getter, and a year ago they modified the demand in favor of an associated free state. Actually the Unionists have expended most of their energies, since their overwhelming victory at the polls in 1920, in a squabble with Governor Reily, first, to get their men into office, and, failing in that, to get the Governor out of his.

Now so far as the life of the average Porto Rican goes it does not matter a hoot in the hot place who is governor. I have asked a good many natives what they would have continental America do for them, and the reply has commonly run like this:

"I have lived in the United States and I like its people. I found them honest and able. But you don't send the best of them to hold office among us. You owe it to us and to yourselves to send men of the best and ablest type to hold office in Porto Rico."

To this suggestion there is, of course, only one reply: that we do not select the best and ablest to hold office at home. The people of Porto Rico can expect little from Washington while politics are what they are in the United States, and at best the possibilities of the Federal government in dealing with Porto Rico are limited. Porto Ricans seem slow to grasp the fact that they cannot have both

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self-determination and a benevolent paternalism reaching out a helping hand from Washington. Both major parties are demanding more self-determination for the island—the Republicans are for statehood, the Unionists for an associated free state—and yet the present organic law, the Jones act, gives the Federal government little more control over Porto Rico than it has over Illinois or California, except what it can exercise through the appointive power and its veto over legislation. The enactment of laws and the raising and expenditure of money is in the hands of a legislature elected on a basis of universal suffrage (except that the women have no vote) by the people of Porto Rico. Hence the natives are at least co-responsible with the Federal government for the situation in which they find themselves.

And in this lies the great tragedy of the futility and ineptitude of party politics in Porto Rico. For in many ways the situation of the natives is deplorable if not desperate. The great primary problem of Porto Rico is too many people and a constantly increasing production of the crop. The population increased by 16 per cent between 1910 and 1920 (although there was virtually no immigration) and the density is 378 a square mile, more than ten times that of the United States. At the same time the island is unfitted by nature for a great manufacturing country; in the future, as at present, it must apparently live mainly by agriculture. But how? That is the great question—one which, unfortunately, the two major political parties are not answering.

Meanwhile a great proportion of the people are living according to standards which would drive into the grave or the madhouse most of their fellow-American citizens. For it must not be forgotten that since 1917 the Porto Ricans have been citizens of the United States, even though the Supreme Court has seen fit to rule that the Constitution does not extend to them. The workers of the larger cities are the best paid and the best fed, although not always the best housed. A man engaged in unskilled labor in the building trades in San Juan gets twenty cents an hour for an eight- or nine-hour day—when he can get work. The most skilled mechanics in the building trades receive, at the most, forty-five cents an hour. The cost of living is as high as in the United States except for the item of rent, and the saving there is due to the fact that the city worker lives in one or two tiny rooms in the town, or, on its outskirts, in a shack thrown together out of scrap boards and the metal from kerosene-oil cans. The difference in living is not one of lower costs but of lower standards.

Unfortunate as the living conditions of the city workers are, they are nothing compared with the lot of the agricultural laborers, who constitute 70 per cent of the men and boys who are gainfully employed. The *jibaro*, or country laborer, lives in a hut built by himself on some farmer's land, or built by the farmer and allotted to him. In either case he does not ordinarily pay rent and can be ousted at any time by the owner, who thus exercises an almost complete control over him. In a hut whose sides are generally built of the bark of the Royal palm, with a roof of grass, the *jibaro* lives with his family of five to ten children. The house looks large enough to contain only one room, but in fact is usually divided by partitions into two or three cubby-holes about the size of a fairly commodious closet. Frequently there are no beds; the floor serves as a couch while a few boxes take the place of chairs. Nine-tenths of the country houses have no latrines or the most primitive sanitary conveniences. The whole family generally goes barefoot (in spite of the omnipresent danger from hookworm) and the younger children commonly go naked. Men's wages run from forty cents to $1.25 a day when there is work, but owing to the seasonal character of Porto Rico's crops a large number of the workers are unemployed half of the year. Their food at best is coffee without milk, bananas, codfish, rice, beans, sweet potatoes, and a few native root-vegetables. When work is scarce they subsist partly on bananas and sweet potatoes and partly by tightening their belts.

Thus Porto Ricans face a problem that is essentially economic; or rather, for the most part, they stand with their backs to it, pretending that it does not exist. The Federal government, even with the best intentions and the highest intelligence, cannot do a great deal, while the two principal parties of the island promise still less. From where, if anywhere, can help come? To me the most immediate and definite promise is in the movement of the workers themselves, which is extraordinarily cohesive and combines political and industrial action under what is virtually one direction. This unusual unity is due to the fact that, head and shoulders above all the other leaders, stands one man guiding both the political and industrial destinies of the workers' movement. Santiago Iglesias is at once the head of the Socialist Party and the president of the Free Federation of the Workers of Porto Rico, which embraces virtually all of the labor unions of the island and is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Señor Iglesias came from Cuba a quarter of a century ago and has been a leader of Porto Rican labor ever since. Even by those who disagree with him he is rated as a man of wide information, keen intelligence, and decided political sagacity. True to Porto Rican tradition, Señor Iglesias has a large family, numbering eleven children. For five of his daughters he has chosen the names (in their Spanish equivalents) Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, America, and Justice.

The Free Federation of the Workers of Porto Rico has only about 25,000 members out of a working population of 400,000, but in strikes or other labor movements it is able to swing a mass far larger than its own membership. The same is even more true of the Socialist Party, which according to latest figures numbers only 3,805 dues-paying members. At the last election, however, that of 1920, it polled a vote of 59,000 as against 63,000 cast for the Republicans and 126,000 for the Unionists. In other words, it polled more than a fifth of the entire vote, a showing beside which the Socialist vote in the United States dwindles to insignificance. In connection with this vote the Socialists elected four Representatives and one Senator (Señor Iglesias) to the Legislature and captured the government of eight municipalities. By combining with the Republicans the Socialists also won the government of Ponce, next to San Juan the largest city in Porto Rico. The significance of the Socialist vote in 1920 is better appreciated, however, when one learns that it was more than double the number cast for the party in 1917 and ten times that of 1914. It is likely to be larger still in 1923.

The Socialist Party of Porto Rico is by no means revolutionary, and scarcely radical. Indeed the Unionist Party fears the possibility of combination between the Socialists and the Republicans sufficiently so that it recently put

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through the Legislature a law making it illegal for a candidate's name to appear under more than one party designation on the ballot. Taken together, the Socialist Party and the Free Federation of the Workers of Porto Rico maintain a considerable propaganda by written and spoken word. They publish a small daily newspaper and two weeklies in San Juan, and two weeklies and one semi-weekly in other cities.

The best remedy for the condition of the worker that Porto Rican politicians generally, and for that matter office-holders from continental America, have had to offer is emigration—although it remains to be shown where the native is to go or how he is to get there in numbers sufficient to make any appreciable difference. The workers' movement, on the other hand, is demanding that Porto Rico itself be developed through more intensive agriculture so as to support its population in a nearer approach toward American standards. Among other things it is asking for a curb upon the extension of the big corporate estates; for the development as farms of the non-productive land of the island, whether privately or government owned; for an insular income tax based upon the schedules applying in the United States; for enough primary schools to accommodate all the children; for government control of banking and of credit; and for a loan from the government of the United States.

The ballot and the strike are the chief weapons of the workers' movement, but owing to the normal oversupply of labor, and consequently unemployment, the laborer stands a poor chance of attaining his ends by downing tools. An extensive strike was begun early this year among the field workers in the sugar-cane district about Aguirre, with a demand for a flat rate of $2 for an eight-hour day. From 12,000 to 15,000 workers went out, practically stopping the cutting at the beginning of the harvest season on the plantations of the Central Aguirre Sugar Company, an American-owned corporation and the second largest in Porto Rico. From there the strike spread over most of the south coast, and may involve virtually all of the cane area of the island. According to American standards the wage asked by the strikers in the Aguirre district seems naively moderate, but it is probably double the average earnings of the cane workers of the island even at the height of the busiest season. The present pay of the workers on the Aguirre estates is by piece rate. George L. Carpenter, the manager of the company, told me that he regarded the question of the worker's wage as a debatable one, but said that he was unwilling to pay a flat daily rate, because he would not get a fair amount of work done. During the high sugar prices of 1920 the company advanced wages, he said, to a point where production began to fall off because the men would not work a full week.

The workers' movement, like the other parties, suffers from the evils of partisan politics, but it has at least set its eyes upon a goal that is worth while. Its task is supremely difficult, for it cannot seek merely to divide more equitably the wealth already created, or in process of creation, as in a country of established and adequate industry; it must develop new and better sources of livelihood. The workers are not so much in danger of killing the goose that lays the golden egg—such birds are rare—as they are under the necessity of raising a new supply of humble barnyard fowl, making sure of their production before they can hope to share it.

In the Driftway

EXHAUSTIVE research is beyond the Drifter's limited capacity for concentration and hard work, but once in a while a beguiling fact or incident lures him into a floundering march through atlas and dictionary and cyclopedia. Just the other day, for example, his attention was called to an item in a recent issue of the *Fellowship Forum*, a newspaper published in Washington in the interest of Masonry and fraternalism in general (except the Knights of Columbus). It bears the headline, "Ku Klux Heaven in Mentone, Ind." And it reads as follows:

> With a population of 1,100, Mentone has not a Catholic, foreigner, Negro, nor Jew living in the city. Practically every man in the city belongs to one or more fraternal organizations.

Limited indeed is the information available about this undefiled community. The Drifter searched and searched. Finally in Rand, McNally's big atlas he found a map so large that Mentone appears on it. The town lies in Kosciusko County, just between the adjacent hamlets of Latta and Sevastopol. But—Mentone, Kosciusko, Latta, Sevastopol? Could it be that this community that now vaunts its complete uncontamination by the foreigner was settled by foreigners?

Excursion rates to Mentone have not been compiled, and the town is not listed in any see-America-first itinerary. However, Rand-McNally informs us that it is situated on the New York, Chicago & St. Louis railway, and a red line wriggling through Kosciusko County indicates that it may be reached by electric from Cleveland or Cincinnati. As for hotels, Sinclair Lewis and other tourists (or pilgrims) will have to take their chances.

* * * * *

THINK of the parades that one would be able to see in Mentone! Think of Fourth of July in this one-hundred-percenter's Eden! East on Main Street come the Tall Cedars of Lebanon; west on Main Street go the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Around and around the public square march the Templars with their gilt epaulets and shiny swords, and around and around the public square stride the Modern Woodsmen of the World with their khaki uniforms and polished axes. South from the schoolhouse pushes the column of the Mystic Order of the Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm, and north from the Methodist Church advance the Knights of the Maccabees. The Eagles are lunching at the hamburg stand, the Elks have a hot-dog and pickle picnic on the courthouse square, while the Moose are in the courthouse listening to a patriotic address. And on the Baptist Church lawn the Ladies' Aid peddles tepid ice cream and cake under rows of swinging Japanese lanterns to folks who belong to all of the organizations at once and can't tell which to march with. The Drifter is saving his money; next Fourth of July may find him in this American paradise.

* * * * *

MENTONE, Mentone . . .

The editors of the encyclopedia forgot to mention this Mentone. They do mention another one, in France, on the Mediterranean. "It is charmingly situated on a promontory about in the middle of a bay, encircled by abruptly rising hills. The ancient walls of the feudal town are still standing. . . . There is a considerable trade in fruit, in flowers and leaves used in the manufacture of perfumes,

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and in olive oil." Evidently those foreigners have failed to realize the possibilities of their town. They should invite some real American Mentonites in to develop the place—to plaster those abruptly rising hills all over with big signs: "Say It With Flowers," and "Get Your Bib and Tucker, Your Ax and Your Elk's Tooth at Jones's," and "Vote for Hoosgow—He's a Jiner." That is what they should do. But the Drifter fears that old Mentone does not even know what it is missing.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Georgia Travelogue

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a nebulous stirring in the mental stagnation of these parts. The dormant intellect is being prodded into a condition of foresight and anxiety. In Columbia, S. C., a thriving city only a few hours' motor ride from Augusta, Billy Sunday is preaching to thousands, and the saved souls are so numerous that an adding machine is used to find the total; and here in Augusta a ringing and brilliant address was delivered last Saturday by none other than Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. It was more than an address; it was a clarion call to save the republic from the "collectivism of the Orient."

We heard Billy Sunday in Columbia, and then came on here and heard Dr. Butler. In this respect we were fortunate; very few people have heard them both.

Billy Sunday told about Moses getting mad and breaking the tablets on which God had written the Ten Commandments. Every time he spoke of a commandment being broken he picked up one of a row of cheap vases standing on a table and dashed it to the floor. Ten thousand people held their breath and were sorry when the vases were all used up.

Dr. Butler's address was delivered at the annual barbecue of the Augusta Bar Association. It was profound and masterly, as one would naturally expect, and was given in the early manner of John S. Sumner, with a faint flavor of William J. Burns. He said: "The hour has struck when the world must decide in a short time whether free government shall continue to exist, or whether the collectivism of the Orient shall rule the world and strangle civilization." When he said this he looked scared, so I think he meant it. Although he did not say so in plain words I believe that when he mentioned the "collectivism of the Orient," he meant red socialism. Collectivism, according to Dr. Butler, is a very dangerous thing. Insidious, too. He said its pernicious doctrines are being quietly dropped into the "ears of a listening world."

But there is hope. What is needed, he said, is a great leader, or—as he put it—"a voice of great leadership for the listening millions." Such a leader must be a man of fearless virtue, strong in action and smooth in manner, and not afraid to combat the "collectivism of the Orient."

I thought—and I was not the only one—that his description of the requisite qualities of leadership was a portrayal of Dr. Butler's own virtues. A reluctance to embarrass my host was the only thing that prevented me from nominating Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler for our next President right then and there.

In the Union Station at Augusta a man was distributing handbills, on which appeared a picture of a well-dressed, intelligent-looking Negro, and the following announcement:

"I GOT HIM, DO YOU WANT HIM?"
(I'll Keep Him If You Don't)

GRANT BRYANT (possibly Faye Foster). A colored individual about 2 dozen years old, 5 ft. 9 or 10 in., 140 lbs., upper gold tooth in front, smooth face; smoother countenance, sleek all over; just as sleek as own grease. Got more sense than I have (still he is a darn fool.) Original range Cuthbert, Ga., Macon, Jacksonville, Columbus, everywhere else, and Opelika too.

Has anybody lost an open-face Worthington watch, wearing a $10.00 gold piece for a fob. Had a 32 Cal. S. & W. Special, raw edge Jno. B. Stetson hat. Now if you want him any worse than I do, take the matter up with me, and I will trade him to you.

JNO. L. MOON,
Sheriff Lee County,
Opelika, Ala.

This advertisement of Sheriff Moon's illustrates the wholesome character of our sumptuary laws. There is apparently no charge against the Negro except that he possesses a good suit of clothes and a watch, but the sheriff does his duty regardless.

I have met three business men in Georgia who have heard of Sidney Lanier, the Georgia poet—and one of them had read something of his once, and "it sounded right pretty." But I see by this morning's paper that a Poetry Society of Georgia has just been organized for "the study and encouragement of poetry." Evidently there are several kinds of people here, as elsewhere.

Augusta, Georgia, March 20 W. E. WOODWARD

A Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I correct an error in my article France and the German Counter-Revolution, which appeared in your issue of March 14? Herr von Kahr resigned as Minister-President of Bavaria in 1921, not in the fall of 1922, as I stated. During the Munich-Berlin dispute over the laws for the defense of the republic von Kahr held his present position, President of Upper Bavaria (which includes Munich).

New York, March 21 LUDWELL DENNY

Has Mr. Hoover Turned Bolshevik?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial, Mr. Hoover Stabs Russia, was especially timely in connection with the testimony of Miss N. E. Walker, secretary of the Manchester Russian Famine Relief Fund, just returned from an inspection of the famine region:

> I came across absolute proof that cannibalism had been indulged in. Several little children told me quite frankly that they like human flesh much better than animal flesh. These were not their words, of course, but it is the sense of what they said to me. In one tiny village dwelling which I visited there were ten people with no more food between them for the next seven months than fourteen dried pumpkins.

This gives a very different picture from that furnished by Mr. Hoover's representative in Russia, who declares that the famine is over in the Volga Valley.

In the office of the American Committee for the Relief of Russian Children we feel immediately the effect of this sort of thing, and translated into human terms it means death to thousands of children.

The following statement issued by Assistant Commissar Frumkin, of the Foreign Trade Commissariat, speaks for itself:

> The peasants themselves are very well aware of the fact that philanthropic help cannot permanently strengthen their economic position, but that permanent improvement can only come from the development of their own productive forces, the extension of the sown area, more up-to-date working of the soil, and so on. But in order to secure these advantages, it is necessary for the Russian peasant to have access to the foreign market, and to be able to buy the necessary agricultural implements and machinery with the money realized from the sale of his grain abroad. The peasants themselves demand this solution, and the government is bound to respect and satisfy their demand.

It was just two years ago that Mr. Hoover was insisting that the Russians must change their economic system so that private trade would be permitted before there could be "hope of their recovery from the miseries of famine." By permitting the ex-

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port of grain by individuals, even though other individuals starve, the Russian Government has taken Mr. Hoover's advice. Has Mr. Hoover, while persuading Lenin and Trotzky to accept his view, turned Bolshevist himself?

New York, March 18 PAXTON HIBBEN

Miss Addams and the Peace Ship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of February 21 you credited Miss Addams with going on the Ford peace ship. Is it not true that she intended to go but did not?

Chicago, March 20 H. A.

[Our correspondent is correct. Our slip was due to the fact that Miss Addams decided, for the very creditable reasons we cited, to go, but was at the last moment prevented. Our comment was meant to convey that the whole episode reflected the greatest credit upon her and only strengthened our wish that she might be awarded the Nobel Prize.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Goose-Step at Columbia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent delivery of an address by Dr. Scott Nearing before the Columbia Open Forum, on Academic Freedom in American Universities, and the fact that the address had to be made off the campus by reason of the refusal of the university authorities to permit the use of one of the lecture rooms, was greeted in certain of the New York dailies with the usual chorus of misrepresentation. "A wave of radicalism" was "spreading through the student body . . . despite threats from Nicholas Murray Butler." "Fearing expulsion," the radicals "refused to reveal their meeting-place beforehand." The name Open Forum was a masquerade; it was just the Columbia Socialist Society under another form. The New York *Times* said the society "had changed its name overnight."

The truth is that the Nearing address marks the opening of a drive for free speech at Columbia by a body of students of various opinions, conservative and radical, to end a situation which arose during the war, when to be a radical was to invite being branded as a traitor. Under a special rule devised at that time and in force ever since no outside speaker, unless an alumnus, may speak on the campus before any "new" organization, except on invitation by some member of the faculty. The little word "new" was apparently meant to pick out the Columbia Socialist Society, which had discontinued temporarily and on reorganization was promptly classified as a new body and fell under the ban, although dating from 1906. The "old" university societies are safe. To them the rule does not apply. Not so the Socialists who, if they wish to call in Meyer London or Morris Hillquit, must go to some faculty member, and ask him to brand himself by extending the invitation. Needless to say few come forward. Thus Dr. Norman Thomas, when the Politics Club, an "old" society, staged a quiet function with him as their center-piece, found the doors quite open, but when the Socialist Society tried to get him some time later the same doors were quietly and courteously closed.

Now there are many among the student body (and no doubt among the faculty) to whom such discrimination seems fundamentally unjust. These students think that in fairness both sides should be heard—all sides. They believe also that a university is not only a proper place for such a hearing, but the fittest place. And it is for this reason that a number of them, both men and women, conservative and radical, have organized the Columbia Open Forum to see whether at Columbia such a hearing cannot be provided.

New York, March 20 GEORGE L. TEEPLE,
Chairman Executive Committee, Columbia Open Forum

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International Relations Section

Mgr. Filippi and the Mexican Fascisti

WHEN the expulsion from Mexico of Monsignor Ernesto Filippi, Apostolic Delegate, was announced in January the press interpreted the incident as an expression of the anti-clerical position of the Mexican Government. Mgr. Filippi had taken part in an open-air religious ceremony—an act specifically forbidden by the Federal Constitution. In Mexico the expulsion of the Papal delegate was violently supported and as violently opposed, and the affair resulted in a volley of proclamations from organizations and in an exchange of letters between various interested bodies and the Government, the more important of which we present below. Although the religious significance of the episode is chiefly emphasized, the documents reveal some previously hidden political aspects, aspects which connect the activities of Mgr. Filippi with the growth in Mexico of a reactionary, anti-government Fascist movement. An article by Boyden Sparkes in a recent issue of the New York *Tribune,* approving the Mexican Fascisti (now definitely organized), connects the expulsion of Mgr. Filippi with the new movement. It also quotes the leader of the Fascist organization as saying: "Our party is composed essentially of people of intelligence united in an effort to free the country from the rule of the lower classes."

Following the expulsion of the delegate a group of Mexican archbishops sent a formal protest to President Obregon. His answer follows:

SENORES ARCHBISHOPS JOSE MORA, LEOPOLDO RUIZ, AND OTHER SIGNATORIES—GREETINGS!

Gentlemen: Your letter of the fifteenth instant relating to the expulsion of Mgr. Filippi sent to me in my capacity as Chief Executive has been received and read. I consider that the repetition of those unpleasant incidents and occasions of painful friction which have occurred between the traditional Liberal Party of Mexico and certain members of the Catholic church could have been avoided by a very slight effort on your part. Moreover, if there was any basis of justification for such misunderstandings in the days when the differences involved were essentially of a political character, when the party's program existed merely on paper, they are wholly without justification at the present time when the Liberal Party has undergone a complete reorganization in its political structure and is now giving its first thoughts and efforts to those social reforms which are destined to govern coming generations. The principles embodied in these reforms are fundamentally Christian and their application can in no wise militate against what should be the basic program of the Catholic church. Indeed, if the two programs are not entirely identical they surely should be essentially complementary. And given, therefore, the conclusion that the present social program of the Government, born of the revolution, is essentially Christian and, as I have said, a complement to the fundamental program of the Catholic church, surely it would not require more than a minimum of sincerity and good faith on the part of those intrusted with its development and application in order that complete harmony might reign in a work so manifestly sacred.

The fundamental program of the Catholic church as it is interpreted to us by those intrusted with its destinies consists principally in guiding all souls along the path of virtue, morality, and brotherhood—using these terms in their broadest sense—aiming on the basis of these noble purposes to assure infinite happiness for all in the life eternal.

The fundamental aims of the present Mexican Government in which it believes it is faithfully interpreting the desires of the people may be summed up thus: To guide all the people of Mexico along the path of morality, virtue, and brotherhood—using these terms in their broadest sense—aiming on the basis of these purposes to achieve a greater well-being for the earthly life. If these two programs could be realized there would result the most far-reaching conquest of well-being ever known on earth because the well-being and happiness thus sought would have been attained both in this and the next life.

The Catholic religion requires of its ministrants that they should nourish and guide the soul of believers. The revolution which has just ended requires that the government born of it should nourish the stomach, the brain, and the soul of each and every Mexican. In this basic conception of the two programs there is not only nothing mutually exclusive, but there should be on the contrary indisputable harmony. I regret very sincerely that certain members of the high Catholic clergy have not sensed the transformation which has occurred in the minds of the people toward a modern outlook in the course of which ineffectively abstract doctrines have day by day lost their influence, while effective social programs have gained strength. To these latter the high Catholic clergy has not only denied its measure of cooperation but has actually opposed their development with systematic obstruction, particularly in those very features which are essentially Christian and the execution of which in no sense conflicted with the doctrine which the church in theory supports. If there has been any failure of harmony it is due chiefly to the divergence between the clergy's theory and practice.

It is certainly regrettable that the lack of sincerity of certain members of the Catholic clergy causes a continuation of this ancient struggle when the two programs could so well cooperate. If instead of continuing to fight and thereby inevitably losing ground they would only work with us with the sole purpose of seeking the welfare of the people! For surely it must be realized that we are no longer obliged to deal with the one-sided metaphysical dogma which for two thousand years has controlled the minds of the masses. Instead we have the struggle of two rival dogmas for that control. The one is, as I have said, ineffectively abstract. The other is material and consequently effective. The first nourishes the spirit and prepares it for trials; the second nourishes the stomach, the brain, and the soul to avoid these trials. Now in this struggle upon which our attention is focused so inopportunely, few indeed would accept the first alternative if its protagonists espoused it to the exclusion of the other; if they asserted that it was not possible to be Catholic and to serve God while seeking at the same time a minimum of well-being and justice on earth, if indeed they denied that conscience should motivate this life as well as our actions in preparation for the next world. This becomes the more obvious when we remember that the fundamentals of true socialism derive their inspiration from the doctrines of Jesus Christ, who surely may be considered the greatest socialist whom humanity has known to date.

I therefore call upon you with all the sincerity which characterizes the men of the revolution and I exhort you for the good of our people that you neither calumniate nor injure the progress of that essentially Christian and humanitarian program which the Government seeks to develop in our country. Its oppressed classes have for many long and bitter years experienced every injustice and have missed the spirit of brotherhood and justice which should have prevailed in the directing upper

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classes, who have neglected the noble part of man's mission on earth and instead exerted all their efforts to pile up their material fortunes. I assure you with all sincerity that not only will you not encounter any obstacle in carrying out the tenets of your religion in this country, but that you will have the support and sympathy of every Mexican. We ask only that no systematic and unjustified obstruction be raised against the popular desires which have acquired such strength in the minds of the people that to deny their existence or to oppose their realization would merely reveal the utter ignorance of whoever should attempt either.

Very respectfully yours,

National Palace, January 27, 1923 A. OBREGON

In their reply the archbishops took up the points made by President Obregon:

PRESIDENT OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC, MEXICO CITY.

Dear Sir: We cannot but feel favored and bound to express to you our gratitude through this letter, on finding in the general tone of your reply, Mr. President, a spirit of harmony between the Chief Executive of the republic and the Catholic church, with a program which you perfectly define as an important element in the solution of the social problem which has been harassing the world for years and which has presented itself in our country, urgently demanding a remedy.

Permit us, Mr. President, to recall that the two solutions offered for this problem, one socialist and the other Catholic, however much they may agree in recognizing many of the serious wrongs of the present time, have nothing in common when it comes to pointing out the origin of this unhappy state of affairs, and are actually antagonistic in dealing with the principles which must serve as a basis for applying the measures necessary to relieve it; for while the Socialists try to find the origin of the evil in private property, capital, family relations, and even in the bonds of religion, we Catholics find it in the abuse of property and of capitalism, the loosening of family ties, ignorance, and the laxity of the customs; all causes which directly or indirectly result from the social disintegration accompanying liberal principles, which abolish rather than reform ancient institutions, and from the fetters placed upon the church in the development of its program of justice and charity, fetters due to the absolutism of kings or the tyranny of individualistic governments.

If, from the origin of these evils, we proceed to the principles to be applied in seeking the remedy, the antagonism between Socialists and Catholics becomes perfectly evident, because the former disregard God entirely, disregard the conscience, Christian morality, and the future life, while the latter base their stand precisely on these fundamentals of social life which the former are tearing down.

Among other advantages the Catholic program has that of reaching with equity and charity cases which are not reached by either law or justice, thus bringing together in a true bond of fraternity all social classes, which God provided, not to be antagonistic, but to work in harmony and to cooperate for the common good. . . .

We Catholics do not oppose, but rather do we assist, any efforts to discover and put into practice measures which help to improve the condition of the workers, agreeing with you that this aid should be dependent upon respect for the eternal laws of justice and Christian morality.

Thus we have seen the Catholics cooperate with the Socialists in Belgium, Germany, and other countries where much progress has been made in the interests of the proletariat, but not through legislation as much as through the initiative of these classes, acting always prudently and discreetly within the limits of the law.

Nor is the church hostile to unions, which were advocated by Pope Leo XIII as the most effective remedy for the social disintegration resulting from the application of individualistic principles; but it teaches them that their chief aim must be the technical, moral, intellectual, and economic development of their members, and, if necessary, the defense of their interests against the abuses of capitalism, for which purpose they may—within certain limits defined by Catholic morality—resort to the strike in case conciliation and arbitration should fail. . . .

We Catholics are earnestly desirous that, with the development of liberalism in any sense, the government under which we live should end the opposition which the Liberals have always carried on against the Catholics under the impression that they were trying to get control of the reins of government in order to stifle all liberty. This opposition seems now to be based on the idea that the Catholics are attempting to stand in the way of social betterment; and to prevent such opposition we declare that the church has in view nothing more than what has already been set forth: to approve, bless, and support with all its influence and authority whatever is done for the benefit of all social classes without obstructing justice or morality.

And for the very purpose of contributing to social well-being in Mexico, the Catholics were the very first to take steps toward it through such associations as those of the Guadalupe laborers and the Federation of Catholic Workers' Circles, and through conferences and conventions of industrial and agricultural workers as those in Puebla, Guadalajara, Morelia, Tulancingo, and Lamora before the revolution, and afterwards by means of such worthy groups as the Mexican Social "Secretariado," the Knights of Columbus, the Mexican Catholic Women's Union, the Mexican Catholic Young People's Association, and the industrial and agricultural groups which are combined in the Great National Catholic Federation of Labor; moreover, when Madero was President, which was the only time when the Catholics held public offices, they succeeded in obtaining such beneficial laws as the Family Property Law and the law relating to trade unions in Jalisco, as well as initiating measures for security against professional risk, Sunday holiday, and the National Trade Union Law, all of which are pending before the National Congress. . . .

We are sincerely anxious for the Government to be convinced that even when, as Mexicans, we are legally entitled to concern ourselves in public affairs, we have deliberately abstained from all interference in politics in order to overcome this opposition—a policy which was approved by Mgr. Filippi on his arrival in this country, and which he constantly sanctioned during his residence here.

By this policy we believe we have exculpated the church and its members from the opposition and distrust to which it has been subjected under previous governments, and traces of which are still to be found in your letter, Mr. President, but which will doubtless disappear if it is recalled that as long as there are so many laws in force curtailing the rights of Catholics there will be a religious question in our politics, which will vanish together with all its dangerous consequences the moment that Catholic citizens enjoy true liberty in all things pertaining to education, worship, and welfare, as they do in the Protestant nations of Germany, England, and the United States.

For these reasons we prelates are ready to assist within the limits of our position any attempt to restore the principle of authority, to harmonize the classes of society which are now threatened with dissolution, to enable the working classes to enjoy the well-being to which they are entitled, and finally to obtain true peace for the Mexican people, while they learn to live together and to tolerate differences of opinion, for such is our mission in so far as it relates to social well-being.

Signed with the express authorization of SENORES ARCHBISHOPS DON FRANCISCO OROZCO Y JIMINEZ, DON ENRIQUE SANCHEZ PAREDES and DON JOSE OTHON NUNEZ.

LEOPOLDO RUIZ, Archbishop of Michoacán.

JOSE MORA Y DEL RIO, Archbishop of Mexico.

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A Blast from the Clericals

THIS manifesto, ostensibly expressing the point of view of the extreme group of Catholics, was widely circulated at the time when the expulsion of Monsignor Filippi was under discussion:

CATHOLICS!

Be Stronger in your Opposition to the Heretic Government!

WOMEN OF CATHOLIC FAITH:

Protest more vigorously against the outrage which is planned against the sacred person of Mgr. Filippi, even though he may break our laws, even though he may make fun of our authorities, even though he may provoke difficulties likely to degenerate into social upheavals.

Because of its impiety, it is not just that an impious government should prohibit illegal acts, especially when such acts occur under the sanctuary of the House of Christ the King, or rather, of Attorney Macías Natividad, an honorable citizen who has doubtless repented of having signed a heretic Constitution and to expurgate this serious offense turns over part of his house to Christ the King.

Oh, eminent Catholics! Oh, women of Catholic faith! You are entitled to justice and you are entitled to do anything you choose, for if you are capable of converting Christ into king of the republic, Christ who practiced fraternity, who admitted no distinction between kings and vassals, and who stood for quite the opposite: *equality;* if you are capable of converting the One who preached humility, love, and meekness into king; what utter injustice it is that you should have to seek the intervention of foreign nations in order that this republic, tired of heretic governors, should have a king or an emperor. Blessed is your desire to bring in leaders from distant lands to govern our own humble and misguided Mexican clergy which, because of its poverty and its discredited national characteristics, may be in your opinion incapable of fulfilling its exalted mission.

Worthy is your work of uplifted nationalism! How could you accept a Mexican to govern the Roman church? Just, therefore, is your desire to establish "Filippism," or "Fascism"—it is all the same thing.

Do not hesitate, noble women, in your worthy work, to abandon your homes, to neglect your culinary occupations, and to absent yourselves from the enervating affection of your children, for after all, you are doing it for Christ the King. Do not fail to take advantage of the compliance of your husbands in order to come into closer contact with the Holy Apostolic Delegates who, after all, are more like gods than men. We praise the serene complacency of your husbands, who, like good Knights of Columbus, wish to make use of their immaculate swords, even though it may be you who do the actual work.

Forward! Victory is yours; keep active, for the day is not far off when the Holy Inquisition shall be restored to burn all these heretics. Beg for every heavenly aid, for the moral influence of the Pope, the cannons of Germany, the sword of St. Michael, the carbine of Ambrose; but do not permit any more outrages, and lastly, beg that Christ, made king, may come to govern this wicked republic. Keep up the entertaining game of the Cubilete, which is but an innocent diversion for ladies and gentlemen; and even though you failed this time, eventually, by your unconquerable faith which is capable of moving mountains, you will bring victory to "the losing horse," and do not forget that, even though the game of Cubilete may bring surprises, the winner will be the one who has the support of the Celestial Court and the blessing of His Holiness.

For the Association of Mexican Catholic Women,
ELENA LASCURA

For their husbands, FRANCISCO EL GUERO

His Holiness Pius XI grants full indulgence to anyone reprinting and circulating this manifesto, and ten days indulgence for each time it is read.

An Anti-Clerical Federation

CHARGES that the Catholic church is supporting the formation of Fascist legions to overthrow the Mexican Government and abolish the work of the last two revolutions are clearly made in the following Declaration of Principles of the newly organized Anti-Clerical Federation:

The violent struggle that we Mexicans have had to carry on for the past ten years in our effort to obtain a true democracy, the rule of justice, and the solution of pressing social problems, made us lose sight of the reactionary work of the eternal enemies of liberty.

While we liberals were occupied in bringing about the reform laws, adding to them all the legislation of an educational or religious nature which was incorporated in the Querétaro Constitution, and studying means for freeing the peasant from his serfdom, dignifying the status of the Indian, organizing for the defense of labor and for generally improving the economic position of the manual and intellectual workers who are the foundation of our prosperity, we were not aware of the resistance of clericalism until it began its campaign to destroy the gains which the liberals had secured through the two great Mexican revolutions. . . . For this purpose it counts on the fanaticism of the masses, who are still the richest field for its work, as well as on the women, who are the unconscious and active instrument for its domination over the intimate life of the family.

We see the impunity with which it evades the law in many parts of the country, establishing schools headed by priests under disguised names. As the traditional enemy of working-class progress it sends delegations into centers of labor for the assumed purpose of establishing Catholic unions; but in reality its only aim is to sabotage the machinery already established, stirring up enmities which are bound to result sooner or later in violent outbreaks.

There is no end to its reactionary work; it does not accept the freedom of youth; it does not admit the right of the worker to raise his intellectual and economic level; it will not relax its hold over the "spiritual supervision," as it expresses it, of women, and blocks at every turn the work of scientific investigation by its mystification of education.

The Knights of Columbus, recruited almost exclusively from the moneyed aristocracy, are the docile instruments of the high Roman clergy and the standard-bearers of its ancient doctrines in the struggle which they are now beginning with all the shameful and anti-patriotic characteristics which they were supposed to have lost after the Mountain of Bells affair.

Lacking, as they always have, the courage to expound their ambitions honorably and to defend them in the light of day, they place in their vanguard the Association of Catholic Women, who, being carried away by a blind fanaticism, unconsciously promote the egoistic aims of the servants of the Vatican.

They dream of getting control of the state in order to offer it humbly to the heir of St. Peter, just as they have done in Italy, whose example they are trying to follow in Mexico. For this immediate end they have begun to organize their legions under the name of Fascisti, with the pretext of combating a bolshevism which does not exist in our country, utilizing the good faith of the middle classes whom they are trying to incite against the workers in an infamous fratricidal struggle. Faced with such sordid activities, we consider it the duty of liberals to organize in turn to defend our gains, and for this purpose we have established the

MEXICAN ANTI-CLERICAL FEDERATION

which will concentrate all its efforts on counteracting by any means necessary the insidious work of this Roman Catholic clergy, enemy of the home, enemy of the nation, enemy of science, and enemy of human progress.

We shall struggle untiringly through the courts, the press,

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THORSTEIN VEBLEN

The Place of Science in Modern Civilisation, and Other Essays.

A collection of papers (each worth a book of its own, judged from the standpoint of content), previously published in various scientific journals. The critique of Karl Marx, for instance, is of value at this time as an aid in understanding the economic basis of bolshevism, and the essay on the followers of Marx is delightfully fresh and penetrating. Here we have that unforgettable "satirical-historical" fragment, "An Early Experiment in Trusts," which tells of the piracy combine built up by the early Vikings. Certain of the papers relate specifically to ethnological questions and others purely to economic or socio-psychological problems; each one affords intellectual entertainment of the highest order. ($3.00)

The Vested Interests and the Common Man.

A fascinating and memorable account of how the common man and industry fare under the rules of a game played in the twentieth century according to the enlightened principles of the eighteenth century, and how Adam Smith's doctrine of Natural Rights is exploited by the Vested Interests to their benefit.

"It has come to pass that the rule of Live and Let Live now waits on the owners of large wealth," Mr. Veblen says. "American tradition stands in the way of the common man recognizing himself as such and making a common cause," he argues. Self-Help, Self-Direction, Free-Bargaining and Equal Opportunities, all concepts of the pre-industrial era written into our laws to establish the inalienable rights of the citizens have been completely nullified by the evolution of present-day business. ($1.50)

The Higher Learning in America.

A memorandum on the conduct of Universities by business men.

"Nothing more irretrievably shameful could overtake modern civilization than the miscarriage of this modern learning which is the most valued spiritual asset of civilized mankind." Mr. Veblen thus states his attitude towards the Universities. He analyzes thoroughly the philosophy and achievements of American institutions of advanced education and presents his findings in revealing terms.

The book is not an attack; it is not an exhortation. "There is nothing to quarrel with except the facts," said a reviewer. The author concludes that " . . . from the point of view of the higher learning, the academic executive and all his works are anathema, and should be discontinued by the simple expedient of wiping him off the slate; and that the governing board, in so far as it presumes to exercise any other than vacantly perfunctory duties, has the same value and should with advantage be lost in the same shuffle." ($2.50)

Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution.

"It aims to account for Germany's economic advance and high efficiency by natural causes, without drawing on the logic of manifest destiny, Providential nepotism, or national genius and the like; and it is believed to be the first attempt yet made at an explanation, as distinct from description or eulogy, of this episode in modern history." ($2.50)

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THORSTEIN VEBLEN

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The Nature of Peace

and the Terms of Its Perpetuation.

Thorstein Veblen resumes the quest for an enduring peace upon which Kant set out 122 years ago. "The aim and compass of any disinterested enquiry in these premises is still the same as it was in Kant's time—a systematic knowledge of things as they are," he says. Here we have the supremely objective ironic method of the writer at its best. The book is so intrinsically sound that it might have been written for the moment. A superbly sane exposition not of what should be done to make a lasting peace but "of those known factors of human behavior that can be shown by analysis of experience to control the conduct of nations" in making war or ending war. Mr. Veblen believes that the rights of ownership and the price system must be abrogated before a real peace can be consummated. ($2.50)

The Instinct of Workmanship

and the State of the Industrial Arts.

The creative force inherent in the individual has been treated by Mr. Veblen as it applies to the evolution of society. This instinct is defined and described as a biological and psychological factor in the study of sociology and in relation to the pressing questions of modern industrial development. The impulse to create is traced from its purity in the savage man to the corrupt form in which it is expressed in our age of machinery. If the workingman, the educator and the social crusader could realize the significance of this book a new society would be at hand. It is the most hopeful work of our day in spite of its grim picture of the frustration of the dynamic forces within mankind. ($2.50)

The Engineers and the Price System.

Ignorant superstitions regarding "reds" and revolutions evaporate under Mr. Veblen's cool definitions of economic fact. In one chapter, "The Danger of a Revolutionary Overturn," the fears of the "law-abiding American" are finally set at rest, but the author's method might easily cause even a Rotarian's mind to rotate faster than the legal tempo if such a substantial citizen were to seek the book as a social sedative. It is a swift exposition of the present state of industry in this country that deals specifically with the hope of a new social order brought about by the transfer of industrial control from the absentee owner to the technical expert. The illumination of this book is like electricity, suddenly switched on. ($1.50)

A new book by Mr. Veblen will be published in the early autumn.

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and by our writings; we shall reach the farthest corner of the republic where there is a mind capable of understanding truth and reason; we shall work energetically to spread the light everywhere; we shall labor to destroy traditional customs of our race which are merely a shield for exploited fanaticisms and absurd superstitions; we shall combat the immoral practice of confession; we shall struggle to free the children from the onerous yoke which the clergy keeps over them from the cradle; we shall put an end to the maneuverings of the Jesuits who are attempting to bring us back to the times of the Inquisition; and, to sum up, we shall try to put into practice the liberal spirit of our laws, freeing home life and social customs from the control of the church.

The first battle will be launched against Fascism, which we shall unmask in its anti-patriotic machinations, and when we are rid of this we shall continue to work on the broad basis of light, truth, and conscience, as expressed above.

To cooperate in this tremendous work we call upon all liberal-minded men and women, regardless of political, social, or philosophic creed, provided only that they do not oppose the anti-clerical stand of this Federation, which represents the center and bond of union between all those who recognize the Catholic clergy as a common enemy.

México, D. F., December, 1922

Honorary President, SENORA BELEN DE SARRAGA; President, GEN. MANUEL NAVARRO ANGULO; First Vice-President, DEP. MANUEL LAELSON BANUET; Second Vice-President, GEN. GILDARDO MAGANA; Secretary, DR. GUSTAVO LADRON DE GUEVARA; First Assistant Secretary, SENORA MARIA DE LOS ANGELES MENDEZ, VIUDA DE JIMINEZ; Second Assistant Secretary, RODRIGO SEGURA; Treasurer, MR. ALFREDO ALVAREZ.

An Archbishop Explains

THE following interview appeared in the *Universal* shortly after the ceremony on Mount Cubilete.

Knowing that the Attorney General of the republic had just issued orders that proceedings be initiated against the archbishops and bishops who took part in the Cubilete ceremony, we interviewed His Grace the Archbishop of Guadalajara to find out his opinion of the order. The prelate received us with every attention and willingly answered all the questions asked by our reporter.

"Was Your Grace present at the Cubilete ceremony?"

"I was there by the merest chance, for my many occupations made my attendance seem impossible. . . . I happened to have some affairs to settle with my archdiocese, which enabled me to be present on my way to this capital, where I have been staying for some time. I did not take part in any of the ceremonies, nor was I active in any way. I was there purely as a guest, joining in offering the benediction from my seat; but that was inside the temporary quarters erected on the mountain for the occasion, which, as you know and as was stated in the *Universal*, were boarded in and covered with canvas. The attendance at this temple was so limited that my secretary had to present a ticket which was demanded of all those who wished to enter."

"What can Your Grace tell us in regard to this affair?"

"I can definitely assure you that there is no political party backed by the church in Mexico, for there is no party which could be classed as Catholic. If you refer to Fascism, I must tell you that its principles and methods of action are contrary to the doctrine of the Catholic church, and that the Italian People's Party, which defends the rights of Catholics in Italy, has not cooperated with the Fascisti. In Mexico I do not know that Fascism has any official existence or that it represents any definite interests."

"Do you believe that if the Government were in the hands of the Catholics there would be an end to what the Catholics call persecution of the church?"

"I am sure that, far from improving our situation as Catholics, it would make it worse, first, because the Catholics are not prepared to govern, and second, because it has already been shown that often the undesirable elements get into power, alienating the true Catholics or corrupting them in the political atmosphere, with the result that the control lies in the hands of the worst enemies of the church. In Mexico, with Santa Anna, and in Spain from the time of Charles V and Philip II up to the time of Charles VI, there were inexcusable abuses of authority due to attempts of [a Catholic] Government to interfere in the internal affairs of the church, a right which is reserved solely for its ministers. Josephinism in Austria is another example; in Chile we still have another, when, on the basis of a treaty with the Vatican, an attempt was made to invest with highest authority an archbishop whom the church had not accepted for twenty years. . . . In closing I must tell you that the Catholics must not spend their energies on trying to oust those now in power. This I have always preached. Rather must they work to obtain laws which are in keeping with their needs and customs."

"Then do you admit that the Cubilete ceremony was a legal offense?"

"In no way was it that, for the reform laws are abolished and the Querétaro Constitution neither defines the offenses nor does Article 24 impose any penalty. Furthermore, I understand from various lawyers that there is no provision in the Penal Code relating to the affair. And what is more important than anything I have yet said is that there is no by-law to Article 24 of the Constitution; it is not known what is to be construed as worship, what are acts of worship, or what is considered as public worship."

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Spring Book Section

The Prince of Humbugs

By CARL VAN DOREN

GIVE the Puritan his due. He had an eye for the main chance as sharp as the other eye with which he saw how to split a hair in a moral cause. Connecticut, home of theologians, bred peddlers too, who in the old days, as a poet pointed out, went

> . . . wandering through the Southern countries teaching
> The A B C from Webster's spelling-book;
> Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
> And gaining by what they call "hook and crook,"
> And what the moralists call over-reaching,
> A decent living. The Virginians look
> Upon them with as favorable eyes
> As Gabriel on the devil in Paradise.

Not by mere accident did Mark Twain choose a Connecticut Yankee to carry the blessings of propriety and cunning to the uninstructed knights of the Round Table. The satirist knew P. T. Barnum,* delighted in the showman's deeds and books, and found in him a kind of epitome of the race. Here was a boy who learned how to bargain in the cradle, in Connecticut, and who when he had picked up all the rustic tricks of his native village was ready for New York, the United States, and the world at large. The public, Barnum understood, loves to be fooled; he fooled it, adding to his fun, and its, a handsome fee for his pains. Yet he remained one of the straitest of his sect. He leaned upon patriotism when he gave his countrymen a chance to see Washington's old nurse. He leaned upon respectability when he showed his generation that Jenny Lind was a good girl in a white dress as well as a great singer. He was an aggressive teetotaler and an argumentative Universalist. He made his museums and menageries and circuses satisfactory to the most evangelical fireside. Of course he had observed that honesty and decency are sound policy, but he enthusiastically believed in the virtues which he clung to with so much profit.

Barnum's career ought to be evidence that the charge of hypocrisy often brought against the Puritan often means nothing. This particular Puritan did not practice one thing and preach another. He was simply a comic dramatist, working within limits which he accepted gladly. If fifty million Americans, not to mention Europeans, were eager to be tickled, Barnum was no less eager to tickle them with all the devices that his art permitted. What he did was to discover new dimensions for the practical joke. Smaller men might amuse a few companions with their pranks, but Barnum took a continent or two for his stage. All the steps in his development were in the direction of bigger and better jokes. They were bigger, in the sense that he began with a dried mermaid and ended with a mammoth circus; they were better, in the sense that he left behind his trivial early hoaxes —in which at the time he more or less believed himself— and showed genuine wonders which he exaggerated but did not misrepresent excessively. And he gave a great deal of pleasure with very little pain. There was nothing of the mean craft of mean rogues in his constitution. He had huge energy and huge gusto. Living in an easy world, a thriving, credulous world, he rolled through it jovially, gathering mountains of the loose moss which lay on every hand. Whereas another man might have been cynical over the gullible tribe of men, and have sat down to laugh at the spectacle, Barnum proceeded to turn it into cash. That is, he was more an artist than a philosopher. He prospered because he had the will to create and because, unhampered by any such dualism as might have been awakened in him by superior culture or fastidious scruples, he was made of the same stuff as his universe.

Barnum is so typical of his age that he abundantly deserves to be dug up from the limbo into which he has fallen since his various autobiographical works went out of print. He deserves, indeed, a gayer and racier volume than has just been written about him. But his biographer has at least cut away the excrescences which disfigure the numerous editions of the "Life of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself," has harmonized the gospels as there originally delivered, and has tested and enlarged the narrative with research in many quarters. The result is almost a history of American popular taste for a century. The republic came of age the year Barnum was born. When he set out to entertain it he could still manage with his ancient Negress and his dried mermaid and his tiny model of Niagara Falls and his moral dramas and his baby contests; but the country grew steadily more sophisticated, with Barnum always at least one stride ahead of it. He unearthed Tom Thumb and took him to see the crowned heads. He dared a larger venture and brought, with Jenny Lind, music to the American millions. He raised Jumbo to international eminence by buying him in England and, in spite of protesting Britons, shipping that most famous of elephants to the United States. He gradually made the circus what it is today. When Barnum died the Columbian Exposition was in sight. During his lifetime his country had come to take its equal station among the Powers of the earth as regards public entertainment. In all this he had played the most conspicuous role. At the same time he had won for himself a personal reputation hardly to be matched in sheer extent by that of any contemporary. He was the Yankee par excellence.

As much as to anything else this was due to Barnum's amazing flair for publicity—an art in which he is at once the pioneer and the master among his people. His flair was attended by no hesitations. Rumor could say what it liked about him, if only it would say something. He thrived upon the charge of being a humbug—a charge which he accepted and raised to a kind of honor by candidly revealing what a prince of humbugs he was. When he had plowed a patch of land fifty times with an elephant, in full sight of passing railroad trains, he was willing to have it known that he had done it for the sake of advertising the American Museum. He built a house of a pretentious, preposterous type— though he probably admired it—largely in order to call attention to his success in his profession. He had as little sense of personal dignity as a clown. Barnum was something beside a comic dramatist concocting amusement for the largest possible audience. He was also the barker and the megaphone for his comedy. He played on the public as on a crowd gaping before his platform. How loud his voice

* *Barnum.* By M. R. Werner. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

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was, and how long his megaphone! They carried as far as the newspapers went; after that they set going reverberations of gossip and went on beyond the reach of print. His ingenuity in hitting upon ways to get into the newspapers and then through them to the public was inexhaustible. With his ingenuity went a comic heartiness which had even more to do with his success. He kept his public laughing, loosened their purse-strings by his mirth, and then collected from them only the more or less superfluous quarters and francs and shillings which they had meant to spend for entertainment anyway. He really made no enemies.

Is it a merely American trait to admire the cheerful creature who astutely hoodwinks his fellows? Barnum thought not. He was a Yankee unabashed, but he found his tricks as taking in Europe as in America. Ulysses had been before him, and Autolycus, and Paracelsus, and Cagliostro, and any number of less dexterous charlatans. Barnum's peculiar triumph sprang from the circumstances that newspapers had multiplied, railroads had grown like grass, telegrams and cables spread a net over the universe; men and nations had been drawn together as never before by mechanical appliances. Thus newly orchestrated, mankind must begin to throb and sound in unison if there were any conductor able to lead it. Barnum was the new Amphion. He began where he doubtless had to begin first: with folly.

Anatole France

By FRANK W. GARRISON

THE writings of Anatole France have done more than it is yet easy to estimate to strengthen the good-will and sympathy that are the distinguishing marks of civilization. Essentially a teacher, like the subtle and kindly professor, M. Bergeret, he has had the good fortune to escape from the restraints of university discipline; and his chair in humanism, endowed through his own efforts, has attracted to his world-wide lecture room an immense audience whose minds he has helped to free from the mean distinctions of tribal thought.

If his serene impartiality deserted him for a time during the war, he soon recovered, and began to devote himself anew, in spite of advancing years, to the task of breaking down the barriers of national prejudice. In his most recent appearance in public, to defend the memory of Renan, he aptly described the Treaty of Versailles as "the organization of disorder, hatred, discord, and poverty in unfortunate Europe," and predicted that an escape from these evils would finally be found in a European confederation. It is worth noting that his persuasive influence is once more at work undermining the destructive power of triumphant militarism.

In the chapters which he has recently added to his former recollections of childhood are to be found the familiar love of beauty and the expression of ironic pity in presence of the miseries which men suffer and inflict. The slight disguise which the use of fictitious names gives to the persons who figure in the memories allows free play for a fancy which hovers between the real and the imagined.

As elsewhere a M. Bergeret or an abbé Coignard seems to speak with the accents of the author, in "La Vie en fleur"* there are two such voices. Pierre gives expression to the youthful views of the same Anatole whose maturer judgments are made to issue from the lips of the lonely M. Dubois. And it is when he speaks that we realize how definitely Anatole France has recovered his equanimity and taken possession once more of his old place above the tumult of violence and prejudice. M. Dubois is struck by the fact that Napoleon, in common with kings in the past, and in spite of a talent for administration, chose the path of glory already traced for him by the leaders of the Revolution. And the prediction is ventured that the financiers and great industrialists, then slowly becoming the masters of Europe, will not act differently, especially as war holds out glittering prizes to the makers of war material and other captains of industry. The possibility of defeat is not considered, the material resources on both sides being so immense. Indeed, in the light of patriotism doubt becomes criminal.

M. Dubois's reflections on Napoleon's military exploits drive home in the reader's mind the egregious folly of the World War, in which Napoleon's villainies were so far outdone. Thanks to a subtle quality in the writer's art, one is never tempted to feel complaisant when in his pages one is brought face to face with an example of savage cruelty in the past. Instead of arousing a smug belief in the upward trend of humanity the recital is more likely to call up a parallel in contemporary experience. The incidents described and the emotions that accompany them are interesting because they are typical.

M. Dubois is struck by the fact that wars are usually launched by a few men, who gain the adherence of the public with surprising ease. It is only necessary to concentrate attention on the alleged outrages of the chosen enemy, offenses which can only be washed out in blood; and to exclude from the discussion the patent fact that the cruelties and perfidies inherent in warfare bring infamy rather than honor upon those who employ them. The interest of the country is invoked, although it is perfectly plain that all countries are impoverished by wars, which at the most enrich a few individuals. But it is not necessary to waste argument on a public ever ready at the sight of a flag, or the sound of a drum, to rush with enthusiasm into carnage and death.

The reason for this illogical behavior M. Dubois discovers in the dulness and monotony of everyday life, from which men are glad to escape into a life of travel and adventure wherein their responsibilities are reduced to a minimum. Man's natural wild instincts must also be taken into account, his delight in killing. In youth it is easy to banish the fear of being killed, especially when one is enjoying the intoxication of unleashed passions. Peaceful labor is exhausting and monotonous, and holds out no reward of glory to those who engage in it. Warfare, on the other hand, is lively and easy, and well within the scope of the dullest individual. Not much intelligence is demanded of the leaders, none of the men. And since everyone can fight, warfare may be regarded as the natural occupation of mankind.

In order to show that a realistic view of war and human nature is a mark of eccentricity in a highly sentimentalized society, M. Dubois's reflections are contrasted by the author with the conventional views of Pierre's mother, who did not like to hear war spoken of lightly. Much as she feared conflict, she cherished the patriotic belief that France had spread liberty through the world at the point of the bayonet, and she was convinced that the highest end in life was

* *The Bloom of Life.* Translated by J. Lewis May. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

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to die in the attempt to kill others for the sake of one's country.

Another subject upon which M. Dubois entertained no illusions was the dogma of human progress. In the first place he was amused to find it universally accepted by a generation whose inferior quality made it so ill-fitted to support the truth of the contention. Its hold upon men he traced to the fact that it was flattering, since it is the ideas that appeal to our vanity or respond to our hopes that win the widest acceptance; for, whether well founded or not, they give us the consolation we crave. M. Dubois scanned history in vain for proof of genuine progress. For if men were originally unenlightened and miserable, in amassing knowledge and mastering the arts they have not escaped from evil, but have so used their discoveries that suffering and misery have kept pace with material advancement. If we have outstripped the ancients in the field of science, we are still backward in the matter of morals, and the universality of envy and hatred shows what sort of progress the world is making.

What Anatole France must now think of his brief sacrifice to the thirsty gods during the war it is perhaps superfluous to ask in view of his realization of the price of victory. He has not, he says, thought of dedicating to posterity the stories he has woven round his recollections of childhood because he modestly regards them as too trifling to be of permanent interest, and because, whatever the value of contemporary achievement, "the new Europe will be too different from the Europe sinking in ruin before our eyes to care for our arts or our thoughts." If the facts seem to justify the pessimism of this outlook, the continued effort, in spite of disenchantment and old age, to guide his countrymen to a higher plane by judicious criticism reveals the unquenchable hope that is a characteristic of the true reformer.

Formation

By FRANK ERNEST HILL

I

Below they watch us winging mile on mile,
Five golden birds that purr against the sky,
Keeping their course in a slow, obdurate file,
Flying as swift, unhasting seconds fly.
Here there is thunder of the engine calling
  And wind against my lips,
An earth below that blurs and slants and slips,
And Number Two before me—soaring, falling.

II

The captain said before we made a start:
  "Fly a good hangar's length apart,
  And keep your throttle low;
Don't jazz it—ease it out to go ahead,
  And ease it back for slow."
And Number Two scowled, "You fly Three?
Well, watch your step; don't pile on top of me."

III

We have been swimming space for half an hour,
Torn loose, save for ourselves, from everything;
Edges of towns have slid beneath my wing
And clouds have marched beside it. Birds shoot by
  Like stones sent from a sling.
  I could not tell now where we fly,
  Or guess how high.
Torn loose, save for ourselves, from everything . . .
About my ears the motor pounds and raves;
Before me Number Two ascends and falls
  As though on house-high waves;
  He mounts and falls upon the wind,
Now leaves me speedless, now comes eddying back,
Until I feel the air his wings have thinned,
  Disturbed and slack,
  And poise above him, sinking, sinking,
Watching his tail-wires whip, his rudder wave,
And smile a frozen, fear-edged smile with thinking
How we could meet next moment in one grave.

IV

Torn loose, save for ourselves, from everything . . .
There where the earth has made an end to space,
  Hand-linked, two lovers pace,
  Tingling with all they do not know;
  We swim above, remote and unaware.
  Hot work of years is spread below—
  Chimneys are marshaled row on row,
  Someone has made a river flow
  Where it was never meant to go—
It does not seem to matter in the air.
Houses laid hands upon us once, and men;
We sat within four walls and wrought;
We dug the soil, groomed beasts, and fought;
Shall these things get the power they had again?
The slow wing dips, it pivots for a turn,
Roads, rivers, acres, roofs go flicking past—
Idle as spinning wheel-spokes and as fast
Under the yellow plane they charge and churn.

V

  The clouds go by white, slow, and dour,
  The wind sings at my lips,
  The earth beneath me blurs and slants and slips,
And all around the engine shakes its power.
And we are not the golden birds men see
  Winging in obdurate file—
Behind his goggles, mile on rushing mile,
Each in his windy cockpit watches fearfully;
Each pair of eyes on Two or Three or Four,
Each ear strained taut to hear the motor's hum,
And none remembers now the way that he has come;
But we have flown through height and wind and roar
Free of dead life—we shall not be again
Whatever we may seem—gray ghosts of men
Sucked cold of fire by stone and steel and clay;
For we have swum the waves of upper day,
  And watched the thousand-handed world below
  Sinking wind-shaken, broad and slow
  Down the deep wells of light,
  And wondered at its vague green floor,
  And marked no stir and heard no roar,
  And smiled at power we feared before
We rode this way of madness and new sight.

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Books

Lafcadio Hearn

The Writings of Lafcadio Hearn. Sixteen volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boards, $8 a volume.

HERE is, indeed, great treasure! Hearn had many publishers during his life, and it has heretofore been impossible to get a complete set of his works. This edition will reveal the broad scope of his great literary art to those who knew him only as a writer on the ways of the Japanese.

The story of Hearn's life would form a lively contribution to the old debate on whether it is heredity or experience which principally makes us what we are. His father was a medical officer in the British army with rank of major. His mother was Greek, the daughter of a farmer or peasant of the island of Leucadia, for which, according to a modification of modern Greek, he was named. His full name was Patricio Lafcadio Tessima Carlos Hearn. There appears to be no literary tradition in the Hearn family, except that one of his aunts wrote a novel which, we believe, was never published. We are told that the gifted Synge was proud to claim cousinship with Hearn. We lack details of this, but we shall continue to believe it in spite of what anybody says.

Hearn's mother, Rosa Tessima, did not live happily with her husband after they came to Ireland. Major Hearn sent his wife and two boys on ahead from the Mediterranean, while he was ordered off to the West Indies, and Mrs. Hearn, who had been brought up in the Greek Catholic faith, found herself too much a stranger to be at ease among the rigid Anglicans to whom she was consigned. There was an aunt of Major Hearn's, however, who had married a Roman Catholic gentleman, and she embraced her husband's faith with all the ardor of a convert. It was therefore with this Mrs. Brenane that Mrs. Hearn made her home until her husband's return. The major was considerable of a beau among the ladies, and it is probable that Mrs. Hearn's sub-tropical habit of dress and of letting things go were not to the liking of this trig, well-set-up officer. Disagreement followed, then divorce, and Mrs. Hearn returned to Malta where she remarried and died. The Tessima family may have been Maltese rather than Greek, and if so, the wandering Arab strain from ancient conquests of the island perhaps manifested itself in her elder son.

Until Hearn was comfortably settled as a family man in Japan he had a dread, a suspicion, a haunting fear of the Roman Catholic church. He was always given to intense likes and dislikes, and how to account for them would keep anyone guessing. I used to think that something must have happened at school as a sequel to some misguided ardor of faith, which gave him his great fear, but I never have been able to discover it. He lost one eye there, at a game of ball, but that would hardly have turned him against Roman Catholicism. As a boy he had been frightened with threats of hell, but that was almost universal Christian teaching fifty or sixty years ago.

Mrs. Brenane was rich and childless, and Lafcadio was supposed to be her heir. But she met a man who claimed to be a relative and who showed all the religious devotion the old lady could desire. To him she confided the administration of her estate, and in 1866 this gentleman failed in business, leaving her without a penny. She died shortly afterwards. Hearn was then about sixteen. He appears to have been sent to a Jesuit school in France and to have been so impatient of the discipline that he ran away and spent some time in Paris. This may have been the beginning of his notion that the Catholics were after him.

He passed a year or so in London at the home of Catherine Delaney, who had been a parlor maid to Mrs. Brenane before her marriage. At this time, apparently, Hearn tried his hand at writing but without success. When he was nineteen he came to New York where he lived in extreme poverty. Then he went to Cincinnati and became a reporter on the *Enquirer*. From that time on his history is well known. From Cincinnati he went to New Orleans where he finally joined the staff of the *Times-Democrat*, and wrote "Some Chinese Ghosts," "Chita," "Stray Leaves from Strange Literatures." Then he went to Martinique, and the fruit of that was "Two Years in the French West Indies." Then he returned to New York for a while before leaving for Japan in 1900.

It was then that I met him. Miss Elizabeth Bisland, who afterward edited Hearn's letters, had been with him on the *Times-Democrat* in New Orleans. She believed Hearn to be the greatest literary genius alive, and he believed her to be the most beautiful and fascinating of women. Miss Bisland brought Hearn to lunch one day to the house of a friend, and the talk was such that the hostess shared Miss Bisland's estimate of his remarkable qualities. She invited him to dinner the following Saturday evening, and he accepted on condition that it would be only an informal party, on the score that a company of size would embarrass him seriously. The hostess promised, and then made a mistake. For she asked a few after-dinner guests, really appreciative spirits, to meet this *rara avis*.

Dinner was set for seven o'clock, but it was after eight when the shyest little man in all the world came in. He was very near-sighted. He wore what we called "spring-bottom" trousers which even then were out of date, a pea jacket, immaculate linen, and he carried a big, fawn-colored sombrero. He entered from the kitchen! He had lost his way, and finally, on reaching the place, had been sent up in the service elevator, the hall-servant not supposing him to be "carriage company." He was greatly embarrassed. We tried to make things pleasant for him, but the seven or eight of us were too many for him. He hadn't a word to say. He merely nibbled sparingly. Then the visitors began to arrive, and that nearly undid him. He sat off in a corner, rose as if in pain when introduced to anybody, and for the rest of the time he hugged his knees.

He was five feet three inches in height. He had an excellent profile, aquiline in contour, a well-modeled face and throat. His good eye, which gave him one-twentieth normal vision, protruded, and the blind eye was somewhat sunken, but this did not make him unsightly. I suggested quietly to the hostess that I had better take Hearn away, and she, seeing his misery, approved. Then I told him that I had a late engagement that evening and, since he had difficulty in finding his way about, we could go together, as my road lay close to his lodgings. It seemed as though I were saving his life.

Hearn and I walked down Sixth Avenue, went into a beer cellar, and talked till two in the morning. It is hard to describe the amazing quality of his conversation. He did not hold the floor. His usual posture was with one hand over his blind eye, because someone had once told him it was ugly and offended people. There was a touch of Irish accent in his speech, and he was so modest that his frequent revelations were often put as though they were but incidental suggestions. We discussed the ways of simple people, of children, of dogs, of children with dogs, of what dogs know and their point of view. We ventured over into philosophy and into abstractions and back again to human reactions, the sequelae of emotions—everything! I went with him to his lodgings, and by Sunday morning at ten or eleven I was around calling for him again. I made up my mind that night that here was opportunity, here was illumination, here was the guide to greater understanding, and that if he were willing I would hold as close to him as I might while I had the chance. It was the beginning of a friendship that lasted until the end of his life.

In this edition of Hearn are all his works except the lectures. The earlier books are more florid than the writings of later Japanese days, more florid and perhaps less subtle. The wrath of the sea is described in "Chita" as nowhere else that we know. Chita was a French Creole child rescued by chance from the

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hurricane, who remembered only that she was Chita, that her father was Papa Zulien, and her mother Maman. She fell into the hands of Spanish fishermen; fishermen by avocation but smugglers and pirates by nature. And the contrast between this exquisite child and the bearded smugglers is a picture indeed! "Stray Leaves from Strange Literatures" contains wonderful stories; it is a little series of Mystic Nights rather than Arabian Nights, although most of the stories are out of the east. "Two Years in the French West Indies" might, so far as the style is concerned, have been written by Théophile Gautier had he been the master of English that he was of French. That book *is* the tropics—the effulgent, blazing, voluptuous, all-consuming tropics. And underlying it all is a remarkable quality of sympathy with the people described, and a masterly understanding of them.

The greater part of Hearn's work, of course, deals with things Japanese, and this is probably the best of his work. The books differ in their appeal, but not one of them is dull. We begin with the two volumes of "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," the longest of Hearn's books. The first chapter is My First Day in the Orient, and one wanders with the author to far-off Matsuma where he became a teacher of English in a Normal school. There is a chapter on The Cave of Children's Ghosts, one on the Chief City of the Province of the Gods, on the Household Shrine, on Woman's Hair, on Souls and on The Japanese Smile—always trying to get nearer and nearer to an understanding of how Japanese people think. "Out of the East" is a book of reveries, and "Kokoro" consists of hints and echoes of the inner life of Japan. "Gleanings in Buddha-Fields" is like "Kokoro," but it is a little more intimate. There is a description of the Temple of Dead Children in the chapter called In Osaka that is one of the most touching descriptions I have ever read. And yet it is supremely simple. Let us continue merely with the titles of the books: "Exotics and Retrospectives"; "In Ghostly Japan"; "Shadowings"; A Japanese Miscellany"; "Japanese Fairy Tales"; "Kotto"; "Kwaidan: Stories and Studies of Strange Things"; "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation," and "The Romance of the Milky Way."

Then there are letters—such letters! Possibly a third of those printed in the second volume of the "Life and Letters" were addressed to me, and I may say as one who is not orderly and does not keep or cherish things as a rule, that those Hearn letters could not be destroyed. Read them and see for yourself! And while we are discussing this subject let us tell the story which is not recorded in print of two letters in the second volume addressed to an unknown person. They are indicated by "To———." There was a Japanese acquaintance who married. His wife bore him a child, and the child died. The young mother was almost inarticulate in her bereavement, and relations between husband and wife became strained. A separation was imminent, and Lafcadio learning of the circumstances, ventured to write to the husband. After seeing him he wrote a second time. When it was announced in the Japanese papers that his "Life and Letters" were to be published, the recipient of these two came to Mrs. Hearn and said they had done so much for him that he felt it would be selfish for him to withhold them from others, his only stipulation being that his name should not be mentioned. They are remarkable documents, and display an understanding of the heart of a young mother that seems to me to be supreme. I should hesitate to express this opinion if a number of women had not told me the same thing.

There is a wonderful record of Hearn's last days written by his widow. It is evident that as the end drew near he suffered a serious nervous breakdown, and it was his intense quality of sympathy that was almost his undoing. Indeed it was fortunate for him that he could count on the loving care of his wife as his powers waned. His friend, Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, once said to me that Mrs. Hearn was the most remarkable woman he had ever met. "So noble!" he said. "She is so noble."

In conclusion I want to note another important influence on Hearn's life in Japan. When he arrived at Yokohama he met Captain Mitchell McDonald of the United States Navy. The captain soon recognized Hearn's helplessness in business affairs and his power as a man of letters. He looked after Hearn's interests all the days of his life and after his death became his literary executor. The relation of this man of the sea to Lafcadio Hearn constitutes a golden page in the history of friendship.

ELLWOOD HENDRICK

Plutocratic Education

The Goose-Step. By Upton Sinclair. Published by the author. $2.

IF Diogenes had met Upton Sinclair, he would have extinguished his lantern. Mr. Sinclair's purpose is always unimpeachably honest and earnest. Moreover, in almost every one of his books, whether it be fiction or expository argument, there is an important central idea. But a noble intention and a significant theme are not enough. To be effective a writer must have judgment, a sense of proportion, ability to discriminate material that is contributory to the essential theme from trivial and dubious details which impede the development of the theme.

Mr. Sinclair—I shall quarrel with him first and praise him in the end—lacks this fundamental logic of construction, this indispensable skill in selecting and massing facts, evidence, opinions; he does not shape his stuff with artistic unity, and as a special pleader he makes the impression that a long-winded lawyer makes on a tired juror. Even as a floundering student in college, certainly later as a professional sophisticated writer, he might have taken some lessons from, say, Renan and Huxley. He spoiled his "Book of Life," which contains some wisdom, with silly "counsels" inferior to the daily commonplace of Dr. Frank Crane. In "The Brass Check" he spilled so much inconsequential nonsense over his sound and just thesis that we rebellious journalists, who are with him heart and soul, squirmed and sighed. It was unendurable that our most valiant champion and reformer should have done what is, from a competent journalist's point of view, a bad job. And it was the more painful because we have to admit that some of the most competent journalists are "agin" us, on what we consider the wrong side of things, and if we make fools of ourselves they can chortle at us with a malign grin before which our combined righteousness and humor crumple. (Mr. Sinclair was born with an excess of righteousness and no humor, so that he does not suffer.)

In his attack on American education, Mr. Sinclair's temperamental faults stick out as if the fingers that run his typewriter were all sore thumbs. Why string out with gossip and hearsay to five hundred pages (and he promises another volume on the public schools!) a thesis which would have made an excellent compact pamphlet of a hundred pages? If I were a conservative trustee of a timocratic university, I could make hash of Mr. Sinclair's book, for indeed much of it is hash of a quality that suggests some of the unsavory passages in "The Jungle." Mr. Sinclair throws himself wide open on every side to the ripostes of his adversaries. And that is what hurts. My wounds are the wounds of a friend. I want Mr. Sinclair's criticism to prevail against academic stupidity and dishonesty. But how can it prevail when it is cluttered with misstatements and sophomoric conceit? For example, he says, speaking of the very beginning of his study of French, "in the course of the next year I read all the standard French classics." One can imagine his somewhat reactionary instructor, Professor Brander Matthews, smiling a superior smile and replying: "My dear young man, a born Frenchman could not read all the standard French classics in ten years." Mr. Sinclair says "the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, until recently a part of Harvard." In point of fact the two institutions have never been combined, though there is, I understand, an arrangement by

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which students in one of the schools may take certain courses in the other, without extra expense, and get credit for them. Evidently Mr. Sinclair, for all his immense capacity to gather and swallow gossip, has not heard of the howl, quite justifiable, which went up from "Tech" graduates when it was suggested (apropos the McKay millions!) that "Tech" should lose her distinguished identity by merging with Harvard. A small matter, perhaps; but if Mr. Sinclair can make a blunder like that about the one college that I happen to be acquainted with, how can I trust him as to detailed facts relating to the scores of colleges which he has investigated?

The details are often wrong or without value. But Mr. Sinclair's main thesis can carry the burden of his errors and redundancies. And it can carry his pathetically absurd egotism: "I was as much alone in the world as Shelley a hundred years before me." And even his unverifiable statistics: "Eighty-five per cent of college and university professors are dissatisfied with being managed by floorwalkers." Why not 69 per cent or 93 per cent?

Enough of fault-finding. Mr. Sinclair is right in his general contention. In a capitalistic society—that is what we live in willy-nilly—money runs all the institutions: church, press, school, everything. If you are a revolutionary parson, or journalist, or teacher, you are squashed or discharged, unless you are a strong enough individual to hold your place against the "system," as, for instance, the old government of Russia did not dare put Tolstoi in prison, and as, conceivably, Anatole France would be left undisturbed if he happened to be giving lectures at the Sorbonne. Lesser men, or men less prominent, are kicked out of American colleges if they teach ideas not acceptable to the industrial bosses or, a more subtle difficulty, to educational authorities and social powers consciously or unconsciously subject to the will of the bosses. There are scores of cases, even more than those which Mr. Sinclair has ferreted out. It is useful to have them all, or most of them, put together, however prolixly and with whatever mistakes in the bills of particulars, in one damningly cumulative book. Charles Beard no longer teaches at Columbia. Harold Laski no longer teaches at Harvard. Why? Mr. Sinclair answers the specific question and the general question which includes the individual, and his answer is, on the whole, just, instructive, and alarming.

JOHN MACY

The Mysterious East

An Indiscreet Chronicle from the Pacific. By Putnam Weale. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50.

An American Diplomat in China. By Paul S. Reinsch. Doubleday, Page and Company. $4.

The International Development of China. By Sun Yat-sen. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

I SUPPOSE it is middle age that is upon Mr. Weale (B. Lenox Simpson, as he here acknowledges himself) or that he exhausted the normal man's vein of indiscretion years ago, in his younger, jauntier days, when he pried irreverently under the diplomatic sanctities and concessionnaire rapacities of the Far East and provided the raw material for sulphurous conversations in the Peking legations. At any rate, no diplomatic dovecotes will be fluttered by this volume despite its title. There is little in it that has not been common property to those who know the Far East.

If Mr. Simpson has lost his pristine capacity to shock, he has not unfortunately lost the conventional foreign affairs expert manner. His style has lost none of its ciceronic and pontifical ring and he can still write one sentence and then say of it: "This is a pregnant sentence which every student should nail to his desk"; just as in a previous work he wrote in his preface that that book told the reader all anybody needed to know about the Far East. It is unfortunate that Mr. Simpson gives all his writing on the Far East the cast of a papal bull, because there is always so much good in it, so much of wisdom and knowledge that it is a pity for the reader to be made skeptical by its manner.

The present volume deals with the events leading up to the Washington Conference and the conference itself. Thereby Mr. Simpson has automatically frustrated his intention of his title, because no human being on earth could be indiscreet or even interesting in the telling of that tale of diplomatic dross and American ineptitude. The most valuable part of the book is the first half. Here Mr. Simpson is at his best; his ability to give a clear but concise conspectus of large historical movements over a long period of time serves him well in tracing the forces that have gone to make the Far East of today.

There is also a swift account of the prelude to the conference, particularly the controversy within the British Empire on the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the mutiny of Canada against its renewal. On that Mr. Simpson can write at first hand because he did valuable work in turning Canadian official sentiment while in Canada early in 1921. With Canada resolute there was no way out for the British foreign office but abrogation or reliance on America to pull British chestnuts out of the fire. It turned out to be the latter, of course. And here is marshaled in a short brief the evidence that shows, though perhaps without the author's intention, how America was finessed out of every diplomatic trick.

The idea of a Pacific conference was planted by Mr. Lloyd George, playing skilfully on American sentiment for naval reduction. With commendable decision Mr. Hughes seized the initiative by inviting the Powers to a conference in America and under his chairmanship. He held the initiative through the period before the conference by refusing to take part in a preliminary meeting in London and up to the first day, when he pronounced his bold plan for reduction. Then he lost it irrevocably by signing the Four-Power pact when he did. That was all Britain wanted, all it had desired a conference for, and it was ready to go home. Mr. Hughes had pulled Britain out of a hole and then tied his own hands by signing the treaty at the beginning without a *quid pro quo* in the form of a removal of conditions in China that have made for disturbance in the Far East and will continue to do so until removed. As Mr. Simpson says, the failure of the conference was greater than the success.

In his own solution of the problem of China as left by the conference, Mr. Simpson suffers from a fiscal mania that can be compared only to the sexual obsession of the Freudians. All things Chinese reduce for him to tariff. Tariff revenue and more revenue, then a lot of money besides, is his cure-all. Thus America is blamed for the collapse of the last few years because it did not give China millions after the latter declared war on Germany. Yet it is blatantly obvious that while China's rupture of relations with Germany was sincere, the declaration of war was the act of a corrupt military gang that had meantime acquired power and was declaring war solely in the hope of wangling a fat sum out of the prodigal Uncle Sam. Failing to get it from America, it turned to Japan and nearly bartered China's sovereignty in exchange. Its only regret was that it could not have Japan and America bidding against each other to boost the selling price.

There is much talk also of America's duty now, which again is to put up millions and join with European Powers, principally Britain, in a rapid industrialization of China. How this can be done without adding American imperialism to the other imperialisms already gouging China is not stated. Wisely, because it cannot be done until there is a revolution in the outlook of nationalisms and the aims and methods of international finance.

If Mr. Simpson wanted to be indiscreet and failed, Dr. Reinsch wanted not to be and succeeded, which is unfortunate. Dr. Reinsch was American minister to Peking for six years, including the war period and its maze of subterranean activities in the Far East. He was an extraordinarily able minister,

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a fitting successor to the long line of high-grade men who by some accident have represented America in China. His book therefore scarcely does him justice. He was a much better minister than one could know who only read the book, for it deals with little more than surface events. With those, however, it deals in such a way as to show vividly what a sordid and voracious squabble for loot is the relation of powerful countries to a weak one like China.

Dr. Reinsch's most important contribution, however, is his revelation, backed by official facts, of the incompetency of American business men. Here was a university professor and writer, one of these impractical men, trying to egg sound, broad-gauged financiers and captains of industry to invest their money so as to get a footing in the world's best market. He not only tried to persuade them but thought up their "prospects" for them, outlined their "propositions," and promised to "follow up" for them. And there is irony in the professor's recurrent complaint of the business man's provincialism, timidity, lack of enterprise, and gaucherie. When you read concrete cases, such as are given by Dr. Reinsch, you realize that Britain's commercial supremacy all over the world can be attributed not so much to the maneuvers of its Foreign Office as to the superior intelligence of its business men. You realize also how empty is the conventional alibi of the American business man that he has no support from his government. Here was an American minister pleading with American business to let him support it, and American business men bungled; first bragged lustily and then bungled and backed out, bringing ridicule both on themselves and the minister. As any Chinese will say, Americans promise big, they never make good.

Dr. Sun Yet-sen, one-time president of China, in his volume outlines a comprehensive reconstruction scheme for the country, based on railway systems, harbor development, and utilization of natural resources. Under present conditions in China the plan is rather chimerical, as it is postulated on a stabilized government with large revenues. Dr. Sun also looks to international cooperation financially on a non-political basis and he therefore welcomes the Consortium. His book was written three years ago, however, when post-war hopes had a warmer flush. It is doubtful whether he would admit the same confidence in the disinterestedness of international finance were he writing in 1923.

NATHANIEL PEFFER

The Perfect Traveler

Memories of Travel. By Viscount Bryce. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"HE that would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him. So it is in traveling—a man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge." This inscription on the Union Station at Washington was never more notably illustrated than in Lord Bryce. Few men have ever started out on their journeys with so rich a mental equipment. Most travelers who are anything more than mere tourists are specialists. Their eyes are open to certain kinds of phenomena only, or their interests are confined to certain portions of the globe. But all knowledge was Bryce's province. Wherever he went, this amazing man—of whom it has been truly said that he seemed to have been everywhere and met everybody and read everything—carried with him, available for instant use, a wealth of information not only on the political and historical subjects that formed his principal study but on ethnology, botany, zoology, and geology, the whole of it illuminated by a wide and exact acquaintance with literature in many languages. The chips from such a man's workshop are worth more than the main achievements of the ordinary man.

His passion for travel never flagged, even to the end. At seventy-five, when his term at the Embassy came to an end—Secretary Hughes, by the way, has recently testified that you can count on your fingers the number of residents of Washington who have made themselves as familiar as Bryce became with the natural features of the neighborhood—he was not content to return home by the conventional route. He traveled by the Siberian railway, and made a digression from Tomsk to explore the Altai Mountains, which had piqued his curiosity from childhood. This was no Cook's tour—it often meant sleeping on a hard floor after a day's jolting in a tarantass—and part of its attraction for him was to see whether he was still fit to rough it as in earlier days.

Many of his travel experiences are recorded in his other books, especially those on Transcaucasia and Ararat, South Africa, and South America. It was his practice also to jot down notes of his impressions at the time, with a view to expanding them later into short articles. Many of these sketches were never completed, but such as he had time to finish have been collected by Lady Bryce in the present volume. He was at work upon them at the very last. He was writing his account of the Altai Mountains in January, 1922, which must have been only a few days before his death. (The writer of the "jacket," who tells us that the last chapter to be written was that on North American scenery, in 1921, has evidently not read the book carefully.)

What an astonishing range these sketches cover! Lord Bryce takes us with him on an expedition through the mountain country on the borders of Poland and Hungary. With him, a journey through a mountain region always meant plenty of climbing, and his story here includes the ascent of more than one difficult peak of the Tátra, sometimes with no technical help but that of a guide whose language, strange to relate, the traveler himself was unable to speak. Next, we have a journey from Airolo to Ilanz, over four high passes, following the trail of the extraordinary campaign of Suvaroff in 1799. If anyone supposes that military history and strategy were outside Bryce's domain, this chapter will undeceive him. Then comes a record of "Impressions of Palestine," showing how Bryce could give life to a hackneyed topic. The flying carpet carries us next to the Isles of the Southern Pacific, where a variety of interests attracts him, with the ethnological, perhaps, predominant. The chapter on "The Scenery of North America" fulfils an intention that had to be postponed when "The American Commonwealth" was being written. The autumn coloring of the New England woodlands especially arouses Bryce's enthusiasm. "To see these colors," he says, "anywhere between Carolina and Canada, but best perhaps among the lakes of Maine, is worth a voyage across the Atlantic." He is keenly responsive to the "magic of light" in the Arizona desert, and to the awe-inspiring coloring of the Grand Canyon. The chapter on the Altai Mountains brings the record to an end.

But the gem of the book is the initial chapter, "Impressions of Iceland." These forty pages will surely find a permanent place among the classics of travel literature. In the introduction to "The American Commonwealth" there was a tantalizing reference to Bryce's experiences in Iceland. When he and his companions returned, "full of delight with the marvelous isle," they found that their account of the conditions of travel produced a notion of the island totally different from that which they had meant to convey. "We perceived too late how much easier it is to state tangible facts than to communicate impressions." So, he remarked, the visitor to the United States had to set forth many facts of political life from which the European reader, judging them as though under European conditions, drew disparaging conclusions, not realizing the existence in the American people of reserve forces strong enough to sweep away existing evils.

Now, at last, we are able to discover how it was that this bare and desolate country exercised such a fascination over Bryce and the two young Oxford friends who spent two months with him there in 1872. In his story of their journey across the desert he reveals a descriptive power equal to Ruskin's. It reaches, perhaps, its culminating point when he speaks of "a

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silence, not as of death, but as of a time before life was." But it is not in his account of the scenery alone of this "negative" country that Bryce achieves a masterpiece. Its historical and literary associations appeal to him also. While there, he mastered sufficient Icelandic to read the literature of the Sagas—an unfailing source of pleasure to him throughout his life. He speaks with enthusiasm of the effect of this literature in stimulating the Icelander's imagination, cultivating his taste, and adding to his people and country a sort of historical dignity which their position in the modern world could never entitle them to. This chapter, which is lit up everywhere by a sprightly humor, concludes with the prediction that anyone who follows in his tracks will carry away an ineffaceable impression of the island—"ineffaceable, not only because it is peculiar but because it is simple; for, as respects nature, it is the impression of an unchangeable present; as respects man, of an unreturning past."

Much of the charm of this book lies in the numerous comparisons and contrasts which the wide range of the author's travels enables him to make. The patches of Krummholz in Hungary remind him, for instance, of the South African bush. The Sea of Galilee is contrasted with Lake George and Lake Tahoe. The coral reef of the South Seas is distinguished from the sharp crest of rock which Englishmen and Americans see standing up out of the sea on the coasts of Devon or Cornwall or Massachusetts. The majesty of the St. Lawrence suggests that of the Yangtze. One notes, again, how many literary and historical associations are constantly awakened in this richly stored scholar's mind. The first sight of the mountains of Iceland on the port bow recalls the joy of Ulysses when he saw the Isle of the Phaeacians rise like a shield from the sea; the salt mines of Wielicza set him thinking of the Hall of Eblis in "Vathek," the subterranean palaces of the "Arabian Nights," and Virgil's vaguely grand descriptions of the nether world; and the nature of the oath taken in Samoa brings back to him the swearing on the Temple Ring in Ireland, the oath scene in the "Iliad," and the oaths taken on the relics of saints, as by Harold at the Court of William the Norman.

Incidentally, there are many interesting discussions and *obiter dicta*. The elements of beauty in natural scenery, the effect of contrasts in color, the influence of external conditions on character, the peculiar attraction of cities that once were, but no longer are, national capitals—such are among the topics which receive brief but illuminating comment. Whether this traveler is making his way along beaten tracks or blazing a trail of his own, he looks at what he sees with the eyes not of his body only but of his mind.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

American Government

The Constitution of the United States. By James M. Beck. George H. Doran Company. $2.

The Law of the American Constitution. By Charles K. and Francis M. Burdick. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.

The Essentials of American Government. By Francis Newton Thorpe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

JAMES M. BECK, LL.D., Solicitor General of the United States, an Honorary Bencher of Gray's Inn, gave three lectures on the American Constitution before his fellow-benchers under the auspices of the Earl of Balfour and Sir John Simon, K.C., which the general public is now kindly privileged to read. In these muddled and distracting times many will turn instinctively to a man like Mr. Beck who speaks with such authority and shows such quite unbounded reverence for the ideals of the eighteenth century. And since he expounds his own philosophy as well as that of our Constitution, one gets a clear view of the mentality of a man who has striven so valiantly and volubly to direct the fortunes of an agonized world and never swerved for a moment from his sublime and touching faith in the humaneness of the political governments that brought the Great War to a glorious end. On the very title-page one gets a clue to the deep and wonderful wisdom that guides Mr. Beck, in two quotations from the Proverbs: "Where there is no vision, the people perish; but he that keepeth the law, happy is he," and "Remove not the ancient landmark, which thy fathers have set." It would have been heretical and wholly out of keeping had the author dipped into the New Testament and produced the later word, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Mr. Beck rests his case on the immutable wisdom of the fathers who smote the rock of knowledge and made gush forth that unquenchable spring from which political governmental blessings have flowed ever since. One may liken the Constitution to an edifice reared to protect the eternal font of political philosophy. And what of it if the solid walls have been a bit disfigured by a few cobblestones of a later age! There stands the house of the Constitution—rigid, indestructible, and spacious. It is refreshing to hold up the image of this temple, with its shining band of defenders, in contrast to the sinister picture lurking, we are told, behind a recent unveiled invitation to reflect "on the essential function of the Supreme Court as a political agency to preserve society from progress." By the way, it must have been a slip of the pen when Mr. Beck, in explaining why he was unable to give his lectures before certain renowned universities, says: "My *political* duties made it impossible for me to visit England prior to June 1, about which time the Supreme Court of the United States, in which my official duties largely preoccupy my time, adjourns for the summer."

The historical part of Mr. Beck's lectures is not of such immediate interest as his demonstration of the political philosophy of our Constitution which he reduces to a few fundamental principles; and what wicked person shall say that they are not amply, continuously, and magnificently vindicated in the life and development of our political institutions? Among these principles are: representative government; the dual form of government (the perfect reconciliation of "national supremacy and efficiency with local self-government"); the guaranty of individual liberty through constitutional limitations; and an independent judiciary. There is but one disconcerting note: Mr. Beck says explicitly that, in order "to understand the Constitution of the United States, you must not only read the text but the thousands of opinions rendered in the last 130 years by the Supreme Court in its great task of interpreting this wonderful instrument." Most of us would quail before so formidable an undertaking. Happily, we have Mr. Beck's word for what the Constitution actually means and is. He says:

"The Constitution is something more than a written formula of government—it is a great spirit. It is a high and noble assertion, and, indeed, vindication, of the morality of government. It 'renders unto Caesar (the political state) the things that are Caesar's', but in safeguarding the fundamental moral rights of the people, it 'renders unto God the things that are God's.'" The implication is, of course, that this dictum relates not only to the original articles of the Constitution but also to later amendments, for they, too, are the "consummate work of statecraft of the English-speaking race," the *gens aeterna*.

Mr. Beck is saddened by the reflection that much as we love our Constitution, there are widespread evidences of revolt against authority, both here and abroad, and he therefore thoughtfully and generously appends to the Gray's Inn lectures an address he gave before the American Bar Association on this subject. Once more he repeats the lines from the Proverbs which adorn the title-page, but explains that the accepted translation is faulty, and that what Solomon actually said was, "Where there is no vision, the people *cast off restraint*, but he that keepeth the law, happy is he." Thus the vision to which Solomon refers "is the authority of the law." Talmudists and other Hebraists may dispute about the exact rendering and exegesis of the passage. To the plain man the logic of it is that those who cast off restraint have no respect for the authority of the law and must remain forever unhappy, the notable exception being the fathers who wrote the Constitution and acted under a special dispensation.

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Mr. Beck follows in some detail the ramifications of the causes that seem to him to underlie the modern revolt against authority. He finds proof in police statistics, in the mechanization of industrial life, as well as in the destructive present-day tendencies in the arts and literature. A single example will illustrate the nature of his patient massing of evidence: "In poetry," he says, "where beauty of rhythm, melody of sound, and nobility of thought were once regarded as the true tests, we now have in freak forms of poetry the exaltation of the grotesque and brutal. Hundreds of poets are feebly echoing the 'barbaric yawp' of Walt Whitman, without the redeeming merit of his occasional sublimity of thought."

The lucubrations of Mr. Beck are many as he marshals the evil horde of our parochial ills. As he looks beyond our borders, he has a double vision: He beholds "millions of men who went to their graves as to their beds for an ideal"; yet he sees clearly that the war to end war failed utterly, leaving but a common ruin. He pays some heed to the evidences of political and economic revolt in Europe after the war, but asserts that "of greater significance to the welfare of civilization is the complete subversion during the World War of nearly all the international laws which had been slowly built up in a thousand years." This excites one to thought. Wisely, the author does not try to reconcile the prophecies of a few years ago with their fulfilment, and he does not add to the dismal picture vain words about the stained consciences of those intrusted with the peace of the world, the shameless secret treaties, the oil-smeared fingers of governments reaching out for more loot and more blood. Such things he leaves to the radical who is unable to distinguish what may and what may not be done under the authority of the law.

In a passing reference to Italy, Mr. Beck rather pats the heads of the Fascisti, calling them a "band of resolute men who have taken the law into their own hands . . . to put down worse disorders." One is tempted to ask timidly, Is there not need also in this country of Fascisti—a glorified Ku Klux Klan, headed perhaps by the legionnaires? It is none too high a praise to say that Mr. Beck has taken his stand with that other apostle of law and order, our Vice-President, who single-handed put down the great police revolt in Boston, saved the name of his commonwealth, and has reaped his reward.

Professor Burdick's volume on the origin and development of the law of the American Constitution rather confirms Mr. Beck's reference to the untold pages one must read for the purpose of understanding the original document of about four thousand words. The author does not try to mix up his own philosophy with that of the fathers; and, here and there, the book is enlivened by a glint of humor. The opening chapters afford a clear picture of the making of the Constitution, the nature of the federal system, and the principles underlying the amending power. The second part discusses the three great divisions of the national government, the powers granted to each, and the checks and balances governing their activities. Part three considers "the restrictions placed upon the States, and the extent of the powers which may still be exercised by them." In brief, the learned treatise is in large part a digest of the cases on constitutional law which have established or developed important constitutional principles. The book is primarily intended for minds trained to think in legal if not legalistic terms.

Professor Thorpe, a voluminous writer on different aspects of the American Constitution and kindred subjects, confesses that "it is somewhat presumptuous to attempt to reduce American government to its essential principles. The subject is difficult —more or less technical and quite beyond the compass of any one book." There we are again! Only to the initiated, the student of many ponderous tomes, may be revealed the whole mystery of the principles of American government. It is almost another way of saying that if government is bad, it is because few are able to grasp the essentials of government. How hopeless! And what, under the circumstances, can be said of government "by the people"? The author, it should be remembered, writes as an avowed exponent of "political science," and one is tempted to ask if there is such a thing or how it functions. But he has produced a very readable and in some respects illuminating book. It is a relief to imagine, be it said with all respect, that he wrote more than one paragraph with his tongue in his cheek.

BOYQUÉ JEAN

Magic and Science

A History of Magic and Experimental Science During the First Thirteen Centuries of Our Era. By Lynn Thorndike. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $10.

AN inquiry into the growth of scientific knowledge and experimental method during the long period from Pliny to Peter of Abano carried with it the necessity of tracing the stages in the disintegration of belief in the efficacy of magic. The word "magic" Professor Thorndike uses as a generic term to include all superstitious arts and occult sciences. Like many cautious inquirers before him, he has found it impossible to detect any one underlying principle, "such as sympathy, symbolism, imitation, contagion, resemblance, or association," upon which the theory (if there be a theory) or (at all events) the practice of magic is based. This failure to discover any fundamental "laws" is due in part to the very wide meaning which Professor Thorndike attaches to the word "magic" and in part to the fact that, dealing as he does with the documentary evidence left by peoples at a high state of culture, he has studied magical practices that represent a late stage of development when superstitions of different origin have coalesced and when the genuine primitive "laws" have been overlaid by successive accretions of sophistication. I do not mean to suggest that the principles of magic can be reduced to the two simple formulas advanced by Sir James Frazer; to note but one objection of the many that have been raised: the two "laws" which Frazer explains as a misunderstanding of the principle of the association of ideas presuppose a fairly high development of the intellectual faculties and ignore the emotional aspect of savage rites. But when Professor Thorndike suggests that it is possible to read too much meaning into such rites; that to some extent they may be accounted for by the bare barren emptiness of the savage's life; that, since in the face of war and sickness and drought and his other troubles he must do something, his magic may perhaps be reduced to that simplest of formulas: *faute de mieux*—then the question of the emptiness of the savage's mind comes to the fore. "Rien de plus compliqué qu'un barbare," said Flaubert to Sainte Beuve.

In his use of so vague and elastic a term Professor Thorndike is entitled to his own definition; but it is a matter for debate whether it is admissible to shade off into such indefiniteness the borderland between magic and religion. St. Augustine's distinction between magical practices and Christian miracles—that the latter "were wrought by simple confidence and devout faith, not by incantations and spells"—holds good, for while magic depends in the last analysis upon confidence in man's ability to alter and control the course of nature, religion is essentially a matter of conciliation and propitiation of powers that are above nature. There is a similar distinction between magic and astrology. Therefore, though Professor Thorndike has with the utmost fairmindedness emphasized the breadth of his meaning, it may be held that he has wrought some confusion by attempting to bring so much matter within the boundaries of the term.

The historian's task has been to trace the course of magical theory and practice, of experimental inquiry, of reliance upon authority, and of the formulation of genuine scientific laws, from the "Naturalis Historia" and the writings of Galen and Ptolemy, through Plutarch, Apuleius, and Philostratus, to the early patristic literature, and hence through the Dark Ages to the scholastics of the twelfth century, and onward to Michael Scot, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, and

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Peter of Abano. (I indicate but a few massive monuments of these thirteen centuries.) The evidence upon which this inquiry is based is drawn not only from printed material but from scores of as yet unpublished manuscripts, for Professor Thorndike has made very noteworthy investigations (as readers of his contributions to various journals are aware) in the great European collections. He has ignored writings in the vulgar tongues on the ground that the evidence they contain is at second-hand, drawn from documents in the learned languages. The subject of laws against magic, of persecution, and of the popular practice of magic lay beyond his scope. Even with these limitations the mere digestion and analysis of his material were the labor of a quarter of a century. That having been accomplished, the problem became one of arrangement. The results could be presented in one of two ways: the topical or the biographical, or to some extent there could be an intermingling of the two. A writer gifted with breadth of vision and with a philosophic mind—a writer even who was merely concerned to hold the attention of the "general reader"—would have chosen to proceed topic by topic, tracing the history of astrology, divination, dreams, sorcery, and alchemy down the centuries; indicating the development of the sciences of anatomy, medicine, physics, and so forth; classifying appropriately the views of all these writers on beasts and birds and plants and precious stones. In the wrong hands the result would have been a superficial survey; in the right hands, a philosophic contribution to the history of thought. Professor Thorndike, however, has chosen to proceed author by author, book by book. This was the easier way, where both paths presented great difficulties. It has the advantage of presenting in a single chapter the entire body of any particular writer's views on magic and experimental science. If one wants to know the stage in the progress of inquiry reached, say, by Vitrivius or Philo or Adelard of Bath or Vincent of Beauvais, it is a simple matter to turn to the chapter in question. In other words, as a reference book this History is admirable. But the result is an almost unbroken series of analyses; the details are innumerable and through them one searches vainly for an indication of the broad line of development; the historian offers practically no synthesizing summary until we reach his final chapter, and even there the summary is meager and deals in the main with the controversial point indicated above. Twenty years of schooling in the endless columns of *Opera omnia* of fathers and scholastics may affect a scholar's standard of readableness; and Professor Thorndike has no distinction or grace of style to afford compensation. Moreover the method employed involves a vast amount of repetition. I have not counted the number of times that we meet the deadly glance of the basilisk; the viper whose birth is on such strange wise; the beaver that imitates Origen; the cock that lays eggs at midnight; the debate on the astrological significance of the Star of Bethlehem; the medicinal value of spittle; the jealousy of animals; the witch of Endor; the influence of the moon; the use of ligatures; and so forth.

Details as to the knowledge of chemistry revealed by experiments in processes of painting, and of physics as shown in architectural construction would have been welcome. In a brief review it is impossible to notice the number of cases in which Professor Thorndike corrects the ascriptions of earlier scholars, as when he gives back the authorship of the "Speculum Astronomiae" to Albertus Magnus. In a very interesting chapter, for which the reader is prepared by various earlier allusions to the subject, he carries further the recent tendency to revise the estimate of the achievements of Roger Bacon, and shows that for some of the ideas upon which his fame rests he was indebted to earlier writers, that he too had his share in the superstitions of his age, that he was not a victim of ecclesiastical obscurantism, and that the notion that he stood almost alone in the Middle Ages in his advocacy of natural science is incorrect.

Despite the defects indicated above, Professor Thorndike's book is a weighty and noteworthy achievement. He has assembled and put in order a vast body of facts which will serve as material for some future historian of thought.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

Hungarian History

The Evolution of Hungary and its Place in European History. By Count Paul Teleki. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

HAD Paul Teleki not inherited the title of a count from his forefathers he probably would be today a humble professor of geology. But because he did inherit this title he necessarily inherited with it some of the highest offices in Hungary. He was three times foreign minister and once premier of Hungary. Unfortunately, his tenure of office was closely connected with the most bloody period of the Hungarian white terror, of which he was one of the most diligent promoters. It is therefore rather surprising that the noble count chose as the topic of a series of lectures at the Institute of Politics, Williamstown, Massachusetts, and, subsequently, that of his book, a long-drawn-out story of what he boastingly calls the history of the evolution of Hungary.

After a few preliminary remarks concerning the geographical aspect of his topic the author turns his attention to what so many jingo Hungarian authors tried to explain to the world and which the world invariably refused to believe, namely, that the Hungarian constitution is as old as that of England and that the Golden Bull of the Hungarian King Andrew is another version of the Magna Charta of England. The author of the present volume seems to forget, as did his predecessors, that in Hungary serfdom persisted up to 1848, while in England it disappeared completely as early as the fourteenth century.

There is another legend that is very much in favor with the author of the "Evolution of Hungary." He is still firmly convinced that but for Hungary Europe would be today an uninhabitable desert, devastated by the ravaging hordes of the Turks in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is something charmingly naive in this narrative if we consider the eternal quarreling of the Hungarian noblemen, nearly all of whom had their candidates for the Hungarian throne, and who, while fighting against each other, let the Turks slip into Hungary, up to the outskirts of Western Europe. But more interesting than anything else is the author's idea of the most acute pre-war problem of Hungary.

When speaking of the Hungary of the last years of peace one naturally thinks of her nationality problem. Count Teleki blames the Hungarian administrations for their failure to solve this problem. With the experience of the past he might be able to do it today had any nationalities been left in Hungary, because he has learned from these experiences. He learned that the only trouble with the nationalities was that they had too much freedom. They enjoyed many more rights than did the indigenous Hungarians. He points out that the nationalities had too many schools in comparison with the Magyar inhabitants of the country while at the same time they paid only a fraction to the treasury of what the Hungarians had to pay. These grievances, and many others of this type, lead Count Teleki to a remarkable solution of the problem which he recommends for the future in case the nationalities living formerly under Hungarian rule shall again be reunited with Hungary. There should not be so much liberty for the nationalities, is the advice of Count Teleki, because otherwise they are going to misuse it as they misused their liberties of the pre-war times.

One interesting question that has puzzled the world for a long time is: Why did Hungary take part in the World War on the side of her hereditary enemy, Austria? Count Teleki has a plausible answer ready. "The Hungarians were not en-

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thusiastic about the war. What led them into the war was the feeling of revenge for the killing of Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife. Francis Ferdinand was not at all beloved in Hungary. He was rather disliked. His wife was hardly known in Hungary. It was rather the feeling of indignation at the killing of a woman that influenced our people."

Count Teleki wisely omits to make any reference to the war. After all, he delivered his lectures and published his book in a country against which he had preached a war *jusqu'au bout*. But he is less reserved when speaking of the events after the war and especially of the administration of Count Karolyi. In his opinion "the revolution of Karolyi was dictated from the background by many who were disguised bolshevists. One of them, Count Michael Karolyi, is the bearer of one of the greatest names of Hungary." This sentence is a fine specimen of the pathological Karolyiphobia of the Hungarian aristocrats who cannot forgive the first president of the Hungarian Republic that, although an aristocrat by birth, he dared confess liberal opinions.

But in no other field is Count Teleki so competent to voice his own opinion as when speaking of the white terror. According to the author of the "Evolution" it is quite natural that there were excesses in the counter-revolutionary movement. Apparently he held this opinion during his tenure of office also, because none of the Hungarian counter-revolutionary governments were stained with as much blood as was his own.

If the nationality problem was the great interrogation mark in the Hungary of the pre-armistice times, the question of the agricultural reform is that of our own days. The overwhelming majority of the Hungarian peasants are landless. While fighting on the fronts they were promised land, and now, peaceful citizens again, they are demanding the fulfilment of the promises. In the fifth post-armistice year, when all the neighbors of Hungary had already settled this hardest of problems, Count Teleki recommends "calm consideration of the question." His "idea" is to consider the case of every ex-soldier separately so as to avoid mistakes concomitant with the wholesale distribution of land. Unofficial Hungary, however, does not seem to appreciate this idea because it is afraid that the "individual consideration of the cases" would not benefit even the grandchildren of the soldiers of the World War.

In addition to the problems already mentioned, a considerable part of the book is devoted to the economical consequences of the Treaty of the Trianon, part of which material has been already submitted in anticipation of subsequent events to the representatives of the Allies by the Hungarian peace delegation. This is the picture that Teleki gives us of the Hungary that he helped to "evolve" five hundred years backward despite her unequaled potentialities to become the leading nation of the East of Europe.

EMIL LENGYEL

Persian Religion

Zoroastrian Civilization. By Maneckji Nusservanji Dhalla. Oxford University Press. $5.

IT is not difficult to found a new religion and to gain adherents. You must possess either sublimely idiotic sincerity or sublimely idiotic self-delusion—either overwhelming imagination or overwhelming ruthlessness. It makes little difference what constitutes the doctrine of your creed. You can preach a doctrine in which heaven is located in the basement of hell; you can follow John Philoponus and preach a purely speculative Monophysite theory, a corporealistic theory regarding the Deity as did the followers of Mohammed ibn Keram, an Aristotelian tradition straight out of the "Analytica Posteriora," an immutability of cosmic laws, and a complete denial of man's free agency, or finally a Helleno-Syriac hedonism. You can make the final ideal of your faith an Islamic heaven, Nirvana, or a Broadway cabaret; you can make it an agony or an ecstasy of soul or body. You can use the arguments of fierce Ghibelline Catholic, of smoke-cured Puritan, of wine-bibbing Sufi, or a Hindu worshiper of Siva who believes in the *purusha-medha*, the man-offering. You can call your god Thor, Ormuzd, Allah, Jahveh, or John W. Smith. But, whatever you do, you must stand by your Delphic guns through thick and thin. You must proclaim, loudly and frequently, that you are, if not the center, at all events the deputy-center of the universe, that around your head swarm the constellations, and that you are infallible even after death. And whatever your symbol, Nazarene Cross, Moslem Crescent, or plain Coney Island *Wienerwurst*, you must once and for all remove this symbol from mortal interpretation and surround it with an aura of Ziegfeldian gold and rose-madder.

Furthermore, to make your religion successful, you must endow it with superhuman attributes, with a certain amount of perfectly righteous and logical intolerance, or, at the very least, with an unreasoning, purely emotional driving-power which has nothing to do with whatever moral or ethical truths are preached by the creed itself. It has been so with all religions that have survived. Judaism calmly declared the Jews to be God's Chosen People. Christianity, being Judaism for the masses and a rebellion of the lower middle classes, could not be quite as exclusive; so it compromised by deciding that heaven hereafter was a Christian colony. The Prophet Mohammed, a constructive lawgiver, depended upon emotional driving-power and—wise man!—declared Mecca and Medina to be Sacred Cities, establishing the yearly pilgrimage, and creating a gigantic magnet through which to bring and hold together Islam's different racial and social elements. Hinduism, very much like Judaism, established a snobbishly exclusive caste system. Even Buddhism, once removed from the Lord Gautama's calm austerity, gave the lie to that same Lord Gautama's self-declared human conception, and endowed him, centuries after his death, with a legendary immaculate mother.

Zoroastrianism did nothing of the sort. That is why it did not last. Zoroaster's Avesta was in the main nothing but a sane, tolerant, wise, and beautiful law code. Having been conceived in Persia, a dry, keen land where, to quote Mustaufi, the Aran globe-trotter of the fourteenth century, there are "ten months of winter and two of summer," it made irrigation synonymous with virtue and agriculture the chief religious duty, saying that "he who sows seeds sows good deeds," that "the faithful and good man waters the ground that is dry and dries the ground that is too wet." It praises continually the godliness of him who tills the earth and proclaims all toil connected with the fields equivalent with "acts of righteousness."

Being a simple, decent, and practical faith, it conceived its own civilization. And, through its very simplicity, it failed. Unlike Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism, Islam, and Hinduism, it did not stoop to embroider its fine fabric with a mass of tinselly and, alas, necessary superstitions; and Mr. Maneckji Nusservanji Dhalla paints all this bygone faith and civilization a tremendously appealing picture.

He divides his book into short and concise chapters. Each chapter is divided into its component parts with appropriate paragraph headings in heavy type so that the book is a pleasure to both the eye and the mind. He goes into picturesque details as to marriage ceremony, education, kingship, priesthood, warfare, agriculture, architecture, medicine, commerce, sanitation, and dress, everything else that an inquiring mind can possibly demand. The book is written with beauty and lucidity.

I have only one bone to pick with Mr. Dhalla, nor is it because of my atavistic Moslem prejudice. I refer to what I said in the opening paragraphs, that what killed Zoroastrianism was its contempt of stooping to supernaturalism, symbolism, and superstitions. For I quarrel with the author when he says that Zoroastrian Persia was wiped out by Moslem intolerance. The first wars between the rising Arab kingdom and Persia were the raids of border clans, semi-Arab principalities on the out-

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skirts of Chaldea, into Persian territory. Followed punitive expeditions with the same result which, within our lifetime, we saw in the advance of the British in Northwest India and of the Russians in Central Asia. The region watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates has been from time immemorial the prize of peoples struggling for empire. The Arab power came up on the sweep of Islam. Conflict was bound to come chiefly after the *dehkans*, the great landed proprietors of Chaldea, gave their adhesion to the Arabs. Finally came real war between Persia and the Arabs; came the battle of Nehawand, which decided the fate of Western Asia. Persia passed under Moslem domination. But—to quote as great and fair-minded an authority as the Right Honorable Ameer Ali, Syed—the Arabs allowed liberty of conscience to everybody, and the Moslems were strictly forbidden to interfere with the Zoroastrian religion. The sole inducement to proselytism consisted in the fact that Moslems, who were liable to be drafted into the army at any time, contributed only a tithe in taxes, whereas the *Zimmi*, the protected Zoroastrian freeholders and liege-men, paid a slightly higher tax in consideration of being exempted from military service. Many centuries later came Moslem persecution, and the emigration of the Parsis, the Zoroastrians, to India. But by that time there were few of the latter left in Persia. They had become Moslems. For Zoroastrianism had failed—had failed gloriously—through its very four-square honesty of purpose and stark simplicity of faith.

ACHMED ABDULLAH

Gobineau, Nietzsche, and Spiess

Impérialistes. La conception gobinienne de la race. Sa valeur au point de vue bio-psychologique. By Camille Spiess. Thonon, France: Les Suets.

WHEN the enthusiastic French traveler Gobineau died in 1882, after a life of varied activity, as diplomat, scholar, and philosopher, his countrymen speedily forgot him. As his dreary expectation of the progressive degeneration and ultimate decay of the race, due to the adulteration of the sturdy German stock, the only stock which matters, by admixture with weak and vicious non-Germans, had not prevented his getting a great deal of cheerful satisfaction out of living, so it had not seriously troubled or even seriously interested decaying humanity in general. But Gobineau was a valued friend of Richard Wagner, and Wagner's admiring son-in-law was that Germanized Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, violent champion of the Prussian superman. Nearly twenty years after Gobineau's death, the Prussian supermen organized in Freiburg i. B. a Gobineau Vereinigung, for the purpose of promulgating such of Gobineau's doctrines as appeared to square with their ambitions. A curious detail of the story is that Gobineau expressly denies the Prussians, who are not Germanic but Celto-Slav, any sort of participation with the elect. The salt of the earth is to be found in Norway, Normandy, England, and scarcely anywhere else in sufficient quantities to flavor anything. Aided thus by German advertising, the French prophet came at last to honor in his own country, and has of late years been attentively studied there.

After Gobineau and his "sons of kings" came Nietzsche and the Uebermensch—after the divine right of a race, the god-willed tyranny of the individual. And after Nietzsche comes Camille Spiess, wild-eyed "bio-psychologist," who calls Lombroso "absurd," Frédéric Masson "ridiculous," and woman an "abnormal child." Spiess demonstrates "the existence of ethnical, sexual, and religious imperialism, by demonstrating the existence of soul and body, of genius (vitality) and sexuality, of two races (satyric, i.e., heroic, philosophic and anti-Semite, and adamic), of two cultures (dionysiac and Christian), of two initiations, of two generations, of two lives (spiritual and carnal), of two men (Aryan and slaves), of two women (Venus Urania, born of the male alone, and the popular Venus), of two natures, of two arts, of two sciences (psychic and sexual), of two loves (uranian and venereal), of two circumcisions and of three sexes (the normal man or genius, the Jew or abnormal man, and the woman)." Monsieur Spiess takes his discovery very seriously. We modern democrats stubbornly refuse to allow for his dualism. Our "noisy and grimacing civilization" "makes him vomit," as he pathetically phrases it. We have no place in our democracies for the "fils du roi," whom Gobineau computed to exist in the ratio of one to a million of the population, and of whom Spiess is no doubt one. This "normal man, entire man, whose heart is in his head, and who is at the same time himself, his wife, and his son," cannot be thoroughly himself—not to mention his wife and his son—without full "freedom, leisure, and war." And since Monsieur Spiess must obey the traffic policeman, earn his own living instead of accepting it from Adamic slaves, and do all his fighting with his trenchant Waterman, he is irritated.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

An Indiscreet Lady

"Indiscretions" of Lady Susan (Lady Susan Townley). D. Appleton and Company. $5.

FALLEN idols everywhere seem to have agreed that when the plums of diplomatic service or the political arena fail to drop into the hands that claim to have earned them, then those hands may take up pen and divulge in bulky volumes for pretty sums the tales of intrigue, maneuver, and whispered gossip concerning which it is no longer worth while to continue silent. A public always avid for "inside" stories has made remunerative such ventures into publication. However, an audience interested in anything but the most superficial chatter of persons, places, and affairs will not be found for the memoirs of Lady Susan Townley. Though the persons be royalty, the places high diplomatic circles, and the affairs those of years of great change and movement, yet most of the book consists of such matter as that the Shah Sultan Ahmed wore a diamond on his little finger when he gave audience to the lady in question, and that "the sofa on which the Crown Princess (Marie of Rumania) sat while she poured out tea was huge and square and gilt." If one cannot get any nearer to present conditions than to talk of foot-binding which "went out" among Chinese women some fifteen years ago, and if one has no other reaction but colorless acquiescence or a pretty gesture to methods and doings that must pass under a diplomat's nose during thirty-three years of service on three continents, then one should not address a critical audience.

Lady Townley wrote her volume in attempted refutation of the implied accusation of the British Foreign Office that as a diplomat's wife she had been "indiscreet." That she does not altogether succeed is partly due to an unattractive self-revelation. She is self-conscious when she records flattering treatment at the hands of people she considers important. Referring to her intimacy with the former Dowager-Empress of China, Tse-Hsi, she says: "I cultivated the 'Old Buddha's' liking for me, and in time became 'Prime Favourite' among the ladies of the *corps diplomatique*, which excited some jealousy." She does not forget to mention it when the German Secretary tries to press her foot under the table, or to explain how the Austrian Ambassador maneuvered to seat her next himself at dinner. Any mention of humanity outside the social circles is made with an exaggerated air of *noblesse oblige*.

It is scarcely worth while to dwell on a style of writing that embodies expressions like "tickled to death," "everybody was mad on theatricals," "she envied me going back," "the loss of her 'understanding'" (meaning the Chinese woman's bound feet). Indeed the book might well be dismissed without another word were it not for the unfortunate hysterical attitude Lady Townley has managed to retain (perhaps for self-defense in the eyes of a critical Foreign Office) four years and a half

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after the last gun was fired between Germany and England. The Germans are still "Huns" to her and their war acts "murderous," though the war acts of the British are "glorious" and "wonderful." She thinks this "an excellent way of stamping the hall-mark of defeat" upon the enemy:

". . . I should have made them cut down every tree within a radius of twenty-five miles round Berlin, starting from the Emperor's palace as a central point. Not one tree would I have left standing. It would have had the same effect upon their pride as shaving the head of a convict. It would have been a fitting reprisal for the felled orchards of France, and although it would have left our mark upon the beast for at least twenty-five years no one could have called it cruel."

She finds it necessary to explain the kindliness of a German prison warder by the fact that he "had been a long time in London before the war and had there assimilated a certain amount of British *Kultur*." Lady Susan's own words are her condemnation.

HELEN BUCKLER

A Quaker Mystic

The Journal and Essays of John Woolman. Edited from the original manuscripts with a biographical introduction by Amelia Mott Gummere. The Macmillan Company. $5.

WHAT appears to be a definitive edition of John Woolman's works is appropriately published in the one hundred and fiftieth year after his death. The editor has construed as her task not merely the careful collating of the original manuscript of the Journal, thereby restoring to the reader some interesting passages omitted in all earlier editions, and the accurate reprinting of his less known but equally remarkable Essays. She has ransacked all available sources for genealogical and historical matter relevant to Woolman and his associates, and has carefully presented this in an appendix and in a fresh and illuminating biography which together occupy nearly half the volume. Woolman lived in interesting times just before the American Revolution, but his quiet Journal has few references to the landmarks of history or to great personages. The actors among whom he moves and whose personality and history the editor has investigated are his fellow-Quakers—kinsfolk, neighbors, or itinerant ministers like himself. He knew the good books of his day; he was neither so illiterate nor so poor as is often supposed. He was skilled at several professions and possessed a sensitive imagination as well as a sensitive, not to say morbid, conscience. All this personal character and local color is skilfully recovered by Mrs. Gummere from a thorough study of his writings and from a wide research in contemporary records.

For the Quaker historian the publication of this standard edition of the Quaker saint is a monument of painstaking, unostentatious *pietas*. It will be welcomed by all those who recognize the place of Woolman's Journal both in the history of English prose and among the classics of religious autobiography. But as an illustration of social service it deserves the attention of another group. To the reformer of the present time the quaint Quaker abolitionist offers a striking contrast and a timely lesson. His heart was sensitive to many evils of his day—war and slavery, the dispossession of the American Indian and of the English peasant. But his method was not organization, agitation, propaganda, executive secretaries, campaigns, publicity, and all the paraphernalia of the busy radical. His technique—if anything so artless and devoted can be called a technique—was by personal contact and by persuasion so modest, so sincere, and so loving as to avoid all suspicion of being doctrinaire or partisan. Where there were wrongs his imagination gave him a burning sympathy with the oppressed, but his appeal was to the conscience of the oppressor. The picturesque names of the slaves—Caesal and Primas, Daphne, Dido, and Hagar—occur in his pages, but more often he is found in private friendly discussion with their masters. He was stricter over himself than in his judgment about others and he became the germinating center of a new group conscience that became universal. In him were fulfilled the hopeful words of the late Professor James:

"As for me, my bed is made! I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride if you give them time."

An age that needs conscience, patience, and hope will find between the lines of John Woolman's expressions of mystical piety all three of them.

HENRY J. CADBURY

An English Critic

Countries of the Mind. By John Middleton Murry. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.

MR. MURRY'S new volume of essays in literary criticism may best be begun at the end. For there is to be found his critical credo, in whose light we should read the essays with more sympathy, or at any rate with clarified understanding. The function of criticism, Mr. Murry says, is "self-expression for the critic." His criterion of immortality is essentially aristocratic. "Like any other writer, he (the critic) stands or falls in the long run by the closer or more remote approximation of his views to the common experience of that comparatively small fraction of the human race which itself comes to conclusions about life and literature." Confirmed in the justice of his representations of human nature and literature by this carefully winnowed judicial body, the critic's business is to elucidate the historical, ethical, or aesthetic significance of the work he is considering, with constant reference to principles, because "a law or rule, or rather a system of laws or rules, is necessary to the critic."

The principles which Mr. Murry adopts, however, have little in common with the mechanical formulas of Aristotle or Boileau, or even the more elastic, objective, and scientific authorities of Renan and Matthew Arnold. He identifies the function of criticism with that of poetry. "Both are arts; both have to give delight; both have to give the delights which are proper to themselves as arts." It is the critic's business, Mr. Murry says at another point, "to express himself by expressing his opinion on the work of literature before him." The only check against aberration, temporary enthusiasm, disgust, and personal bias is a general attitude of mind, on the part of the critic, "refined out of his more constant reactions." Thus it appears that Mr. Murry's authority is really subjective. The standard is the critic's own sensibility. This doctrine already has its own host of adherents, who are adequate to any occasion of apology or defense. Mr. Murry's contribution as a critical theorist is, rather, his adroit adaptation of the terminology of scholarship to the epicurean uses of impressionism.

Yet, however intimately and secretly Mr. Murry may in theory be an accomplice of the impressionists, there is little of the subjective quality in his literary criticism. We may detect something of "curiosity" and perhaps a little of perversity in an essay which probes among the yellowed sheaves of John Clare's verses, and in Mr. Murry's drumming for Doughty's "Travels in Arabia Deserta," which he describes as "incomparable" and "a triumph both of art and of personality." But for the most part there is completely lacking here the qualities which characterize impressionistic criticism—gusto, vitality, penetration, provocation, and heresy.

Two essays are concerned with Shakespeare and love. One is general, appreciative, and tenuous in content. The other is particular, appreciative, and tenuous. It expounds the proposi-

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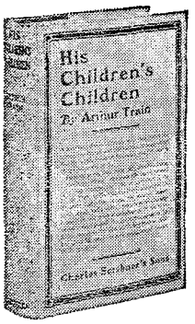

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tion that Virgilia, wife of Coriolanus, is the perfect type of that Shakespearean love which alters not when it alteration finds. Mr. Murry then discusses various aspects of the spiritual experience of the nineteenth century in essays on Baudelaire, Amiel, Flaubert, and Stendhal. William Collins and John Clare are studied as "two contrasted types of poetic sensibility." A slight essay on Robert Burton and one on "The Poetry of Walter de la Mare" complete the contents of the book.

Mr. Murry has a theory of the psychology of literary creation by which he sets great store. He believes that literary composition is the result of "complex emotional conviction" in which the intellect plays a part "essentially subordinate," being useful chiefly in elucidating the writer's "attitude." Since the writing of poetry and the more "creative" forms of prose is largely, as Wordsworth said, a matter of the "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings," and criticism a functioning of delicately refined sensibilities, Mr. Murry is equipped to rely but little upon documents, biographical data, and the rest of the scholarly paraphernalia of objective or comparative criticism. He is concerned rather with the "peculiar uniqueness" of Baudelaire, of Amiel, of Flaubert, with definition, and with an insistent intimacy which he practices as he builds paragraph upon paragraph, as though he would insinuate himself completely, by sheer force of emotional earnestness, into the minds of men long dead. When he has tasted, as he believes, the fruit of their unique, individual experience, he reports the stimuli to which he has reacted. This report, couched in Mr. Murry's best prose, carefully emended and qualified, with the addition of numerous allusions to parallel gustatory experiences, constitutes an essay. GERALD HEWES CARSON

Stars

General Astronomy. By H. Spencer Jones. Longmans, Green and Company. $6.

HE is indeed a stout-hearted author who sets out to write a "general survey of our knowledge of astronomy" which is to "appeal to the amateur, no less than the student." Neither poetry nor formulas may be quoted. Some persons are only too ready to think that, after all, we study astronomy chiefly to understand references in literature to the extra-terrestrial environment; a definite austerity needs to be meted out to them, and to others—afraid of a cosine—large concessions.

Happily Spencer Jones had the courage, for in this work of 386 pages he has given us a reference text valuable for any library, public or private; one which can also be used to advantage by the college and high-school teacher. The first eleven chapters, out of a total of fourteen, are devoted to the solar system and are necessarily made up of the standard material of the "old" astronomy. Nor is all of it so very old. For instance, in explaining the determination of longitude by telegraphic signals, the author points out that this practical problem has been greatly facilitated by the development of wireless telegraphy. Sumner's method for the determination of position at sea also receives recognition in this text as one of the valuable cases of applied astronomy. The fifth chapter, the Sun, offers a summary of what is known regarding our own particular star, and thus becomes an introduction to the account, given in the last three chapters, of researches relating to other suns of the stellar universe.

If 73 per cent seems too large a share of general astronomy to assign to the solar system one has only to note this textbook's record of the latest major investigations which now compose part of stellar astronomy. Kapteyn's star streams, the interferometer determination of the angular diameter of Betelgeuse and of Arcturus, the course of stellar evolution—these and coordinate topics are adequately discussed.

With a book so well indexed it looks ungrateful to ask for a page of bibliography; but such references, or footnotes here and there, would have been welcomed by the student. It is also to be said that any teacher, using this text with a class, will need to add to the series of diagrams offered. For instance, in presenting G. H. Darwin's theory of the origin of the moon, a diagram or two would have paid for their room in the increased clearness which they would have contributed to the discussion. It must be added that inadvertences appear occasionally which will perplex the reader who seeks to understand. Thus in the treatment of the Equation of Time the context shows that S, in figure 21, cannot be the true sun but is what is often called the "first mean sun"; and the effect brought out in connection with that figure, that is, the effect due to the obliquity of the ecliptic, should be spoken of as a *component* of the equation of time rather than the equation of time itself, since this technical term always means the two components.

The treatise is enriched by twenty-four plates, fitly led by Barnard's magnificent photograph of the nebulous region around *rho Ophiuchi*. Remembering that Barnard will not be making any more photographs we take it as a fine courtesy from an astronomer of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, that this special plate is given the place of honor as frontispiece. The just and critical reader will close this volume with a sense of its reliability, due not only to the scholarship of its distinguished author but also to his scientific temper as manifested in the thorough and impartial presentation of evidence bearing on various hypotheses. ELLEN HAYES

The Future of England

If Britain Is to Live. By Norman Angell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

NORMAN ANGELL is the prince of pamphleteers. He has an almost unrivaled gift for simplifying economic problems, for putting them into the terms of political argument. "If Britain Is to Live" is a brief and brilliant statement of the absolute necessity for England, and ultimately for other industrial states, of an economic internationalism in which trade may flow freely across artificial frontiers. He argues the impossibility of the imperial solution ("Canada and Australia are likely to be more serious industrial competitors to British industry than Russian or Balkan peasant states"), the absurdity of high protection, the progress in economic thinking since his own "Great Illusion" appeared fourteen years ago ("It is something resembling a miracle. Ten years ago no economist in Europe would admit what has actually taken place: the powerlessness of a completely preponderant victor to seize great wealth from the vanquished"), and the vanity in the long run of one-sided attempts to guarantee military or economic security. "England must starve or emigrate, failing a complete and immediate change of policy," is his conclusion. And Norman Angell, barring his temporary lapse into a belief in Wilsonian liberalism during the war, has proved himself as an economic prophet.

Little books like this, however, should not be bound in cloth as if intended for library shelves. They should be paper-covered, sold at a quarter at most, on the railway news-stands. But that raises the whole problem of the failure of the political pamphlet to establish itself as a part of the machinery of popular education in the United States. And that is an old, old problem which has puzzled as skilful publishers as Mr. Huebsch. Its solution would help make American politics more interesting. L. S. G.

"The Significance of the Fine Arts," which was reviewed in *The Nation* of March 21, is published by Marshall Jones Company. The price of the textbook edition is $3.50, and of the library edition $7.50.

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President Lowell's Views

Public Opinion in War and Peace. By A. L. Lowell. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

THIS is a very disappointing book. What there is in it of merit and originality President Lowell has already said in an earlier volume; and its novelties will hardly commend themselves to any real critical mind. To say, for example, that opposition to war is unpatriotic when the issue has been joined (p. 232), is to evade altogether the fundamental question of what in fact are the duties of a citizen; the account of the Boston police strike (pp. 265-66) is an altogether inadequate description of the problems involved; the remark that wars tend to bring violence in their aftermath (p. 266) is hardly compatible with the earlier statement (p. 224) that good men are not brutalized by war; and the long discussion, in the last chapter, is really tantamount to the not very vital discovery that a country in which radicalism has secured its aims will tend to become conservative. Where Mr. Lowell is on his own ground, as in his analysis of the function of parties, what he has to say is always clear and well said. But nothing in his volume bears the impress of a fresh and vivid perception of the forces at work in a democracy. He has nothing, for example, of Mr. Walter Lippmann's almost uncanny insight into the working of group-psychology or his happy knack of effective illustration. Mr. Lowell's strength, in fact, lies in his power of accurate description; he is altogether lacking in the speculative faculty. His own excellent "Government of England" is the kind of subject in which he excels. But that measurement of imponderables upon which speculation depends is a quality altogether outside his disposition.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A Forgotten Virtuoso

Jürgen Ovens, sein Leben und seine Werke. Von Dr. Harry Schmidt. Kiel: Schleswigholsteinischer Kunstverein. 1922.

THIS richly illustrated volume is the auspicious beginning of a series of art monographs, edited by Professsor Haseloff, head of the Kunstgeschichtliches Institut of the University of Kiel. It is indeed what the title-page claims for it—"a contribution to the history of seventeenth-century painting in the Netherlands," and an important one. For it resurrects an artist of German origin who, after having enjoyed in his lifetime a reputation rivaling that of the great Dutch and Flemish masters, during the succeeding centuries fell into almost complete oblivion.

Jürgen Ovens was born in 1623, in Tönning, Holstein, of Frisian stock. About 1640 he went to Holland, like so many German artists, scholars, and writers driven from their country by the misery of the Thirty Years' War. Whether he became a personal pupil of Rembrandt, seems uncertain. At any rate, he soon took his place among the prominent painters of Amsterdam. Early in the fifties he returned for several years to his native province, largely for work at the court of Duke Frederick III of Holstein-Gottorp, the same princely Maecenas who dispatched the expedition to Russia and Persia made famous by the poet Paul Fleming. In subsequent years he had engagements at the courts of Sweden and Mecklenburg. After a number of renewed most successful sojourns in Amsterdam—so successful that in popular favor he far outstripped the erratic and favor-defying Rembrandt—he retired in 1663 to the little town of Friedrichstadt in Holstein, where he lived in great opulence, much sought after by princes and other potentates, until his death in 1678.

Ovens was not a creative genius; but the exhaustive analysis by Dr. Schmidt of his numerous works—440 authenticated paintings, 117 drawings—makes it clear that he was an exceedingly brilliant artist, whose power of adaptation at times brought him near the level of the masters whose style he imitated. The group of regents of the Oude Zijds Huiszitten-Huis at Amsterdam reminds one indeed of Rembrandt's Staalmeesters. Rembrandt's manner is seen in the Portrait of a Lady in the Metropolitan Museum of New York and in the Betrothal of Karl Gustav of Sweden to the Princess Eleonore in the National Museum of Stockholm. Van Dyck's influence appears in the Portrait of a Young Man in the Collection Castiglioni, Vienna. And motifs from Rubens are scattered throughout the allegorical-historical paintings which Ovens produced for Danish and other Scandinavian princes. Perhaps the most original of Ovens's portraits are the brusque and pompous Chancellor J. A. von Kielmannseck at the University of Kiel, and his own likeness in the family vault at Tönning. The handsome and delicate lines of his own face reveal by the side of worldly ambition appealing traces of dreamy reflectiveness.

Dr. Schmidt deserves great credit for having brought the figure of this clever virtuoso, whose posthumous eclipse had obliterated even the solid features of his contemporary fame, for the first time into clear relief. His book is a masterly delineation of a typical representative of a time when, in Germany at least, talent depended entirely on princely favor and patronage, and when everything truly great had to make its way against arbitrary dictates and formulas of political and intellectual absolutism.

KUNO FRANCKE

Art

Joseph Stella—Extremist

IF art is to be viewed as expression, then it belongs, I think, exactly where Spinoza discovered the creative will, namely, within the pantheistic scheme of nature itself, within the surging flow of life, and not extraneous to it. If natural beauty is, as Spinoza indicated, the garment by which we may come to know God, then formal beauty is not something hazy and metaphysical, but the simple contours which nature assumes. If art be expression, human expression, then formal beauty issues as the consummate fusion of feeling and expression. Form is thus lifted out of the ruck of mere technical deftness, and at the same time it is rescued from the twilight zone in which Mr. Clive Bell has involuntarily fettered it for so long. That art is essentially a portion of the pervading creative energy of the world was, in a sense, reiterated for sentient minds by the recent exhibition of the paintings of Joseph Stella at the Société anonyme.

The canvases of Joseph Stella, despite certain intrinsic flaws, occupy a place apart and suggest no comparison with the achievements of other contemporary American painters. To aver that Stella is merely modern is wholly to misconceive and belie his significance; to fasten arbitrarily the quality term "decoratif" upon his work is to report but half of this unusual artist's scope and intent. It is also a little less than just to classify him as a cerebralist pure and simple. No absolute cerebralist, chasing the *ignis fatuus* of formal abstraction, could bring to birth such exquisite harmony of color effects, such greens, blues, blacks, gold-reds, and silvers. But Stella comes forward as one of the most engrossing apparitions in American painting today precisely because he does not rely too heavily on sheer color values. His color, it is true, reminds one at times of the impressionists, of Redon and Sisley, but then his original emotional impulse is just as fluid as theirs was, and rises unconstrainedly from the subject in hand.

Those who have seen his Pittsburgh sketches, reproduced several years ago in the *Survey*, have sensed his dark, intrinsic ground-force, as well as his gentle humanitarianism with its underside of scathing protest, half-stifled anger—the selfsame qualities we find implicit in the charcoal drawings of Forain. Stella's "Coney Island" is a breath-taking spatter of iridescent lights, but the purity of the design clamors through, and, after

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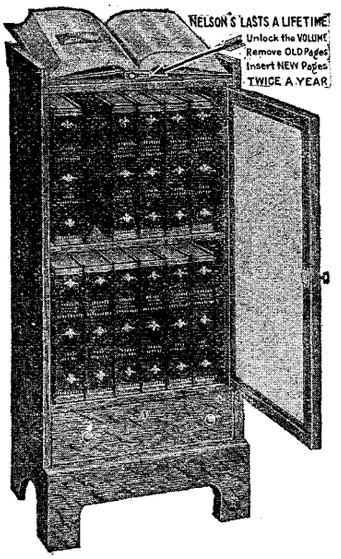

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the initial astonishment caused by the blatantly dazzling glare of electricity, we glimpse at length a harmonious blending of the emotional and aesthetic values. "Coney Island" appears riotously disorganized only at the first glance; a second reveals it for what it is: the shrill efflorescence of a typical phase of our automatic existence, in which insipid brassy pleasure is as joylessly courted as money.

The early canvases of Stella betray a depth of craftsmanship that remains the despair of his fellow-painters. This craftsmanship is almost severely academic in character; it is the flower of a rigorous self-discipline which is by-ordinary associated with the anchorite or saint; elevation of spirit is its essence, coupled with unmisted vision and a crystalline lucidity of emotion. In "The Tree of My Life," in "Coney Island," and in "Brooklyn Bridge" there is a subtle fusion of the qualities which Stella has always displayed in abundance. The Latin properties of deep feeling and an austere precision are here felicitously wedded; to these is superadded an extraordinary sensitivity to the vital forces that pervade this machine-idolatrous age of ours. To Stella the machine is another limb of nature, a supple extension in the city of tree and flower and fruit; thus the skyscraper becomes, in his view, a sort of transplanted mountain, and the narrow streets and shafts are analogous to clefts, ravines, and well-watered valleys. He seizes their awe-inspiring outlines, their austere angles, the icy bray of white light that suffuses them or the dazzle of tinted advertising signs; he catches the vibrant pulse of metal, and he seeks to fuse them in the large canvases that were recently shown at the Société anonyme. Before his five huge panels, "Brooklyn Bridge," "The Great White Way," "Leaving the Subway," "Broadway," and "The Harbor," the small rooms of the gallery seemed painfully dwarfed. In Stella's work the city is realized through its own peculiar metallic flora—its monstrous structures of steel and iron that stand poised upon earth-burrowed subway-labyrinths and aspire skyward, now like mountains and now like giantesque carboniferous growths of some inconceivably remote period in the world's history. "The White Heron" and his paintings of swans and flowers are in sharp contrast to the five immense panels and, in passing from the dynamic compulsion of the former to the quiescent rhythm of the latter, one gauges fairly accurately the depth and range of Stella's gifts.

Nevertheless the five pretentious panels do not quite fuse; as an organic arrangement, it must be admitted, they do not wholly come off. The strands that bind them together are either too attenuated or too loose and so the music of their unity is uncompleted, and what we actually are given is five variations on the same theme—"New York"—with no central plexus of design, no foreshadowing, as it were, in any single canvas of the other facets of the subject. As a series, then, they are disappointing, but individually they possess a beauty and compositional fulness that is beyond cavil.

Stella is at bottom a humanist and it is this humanism of his, strictly speaking a cultural possession, the blood and pith of masterly craftsmanship, that cements his kinship to far greater painters than himself. In Stella's view beauty, unlike the aesthetics of Ruskin and Wilde, is not envisaged as supernumerary to life, to the tumultuous current that cogently pervades both man and nature. *Natura naturans* and *Natura naturata*, the creative will and its flower, the world of outward appearances, imperceptibly melt into each other and become one and the same thing. Stella's work leads one to believe that at times he implicitly recognizes this truth which is at the basis of both modern science and art. Whether or not Stella is of the "true lineage" does not, to be sure, depend upon this intellectual concept. His claim to distinction must be founded upon the success with which he has overcome, within the terms of the medium of paint, the cerebral impulse which caused him to seize upon the project of "interpreting New York." It is fairly clear, I think, that Stella has merely succeeded in interpreting himself.

PIERRE LOVING

Drama

Review

FROM the statistics in Mr. Burns Mantle's invaluable "Year Book of the Drama in America" it appears that the number of new productions during any given season in New York is in the neighborhood of two hundred. Woe to any poor mortal who tries to see them all. From my limited attendances on first and second nights I have for some years tried to compile first a list of the world's ten worst plays, then of the world's twenty-five worst plays. The task proved hopeless. Beneath each depth was a lower still. The dramatic reviewer pays for his pleasures, for his few hours of delight. No one who has not rather sedulously attended openings has any just vision of the colossal ineptitude of the human mind. That is why dramatic critics are so grateful for small mercies. Their taste is almost necessarily less austere than that of other intelligent people. To them a tolerable play is relief from the torment of boredom, from the horror of vociferous drivel. The pleasant memories grow a little more numerous from year to year. The passing season was remarkable for its Shakespearean productions, its happy introduction of the new dramatic forms, the popularity of a few tragic plays of a high order, the number of native dramas that one could view with satisfaction and hope.

John Barrymore as Hamlet, David Warfield as Shylock, Jane Cowl as Juliet—these three performances are more memorable than in the hurry and fleetness of the passing day we permit ourselves to know. You may find this concrete fault or that. I use the word memorable advisedly. Our minds have been enriched by these figures. Who, having seen, will forget John Barrymore's dark, slender, lost figure in that world unrealized; from whose ear will fade the sound of his passionate tenderness and melancholy revolt? And who, whether it is Shakespearean or not, will forget that tense, frail, hunted, indomitable little Jew defying, even in his defeat, powers and principalities? Jane Cowl should have played Juliet later, nearer the spring. Or, perhaps it was better that she brought a touch of spring to our winter, a breath of apple-blossoms and that young passion that does not vary with the springs.

The new dramatic forms are, of course, those varied forms summed up under the name of expressionism. There was first Karel Capek's "R. U. R.," then his and his brother's "Insect Comedy," then Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author." In all these the mind, an acrid sort of mind, had been busier than the creative vision. One felt, therefore, a touch of mere calculation which is something quite different from the structural order in works more passionately conceived and executed. One felt, I think, that these Continentals were disillusioned to the point of utter weariness and it was, upon the whole, not surprising that the two later American ventures into expressionism—"Roger Bloomer" and "The Adding Machine"—had, with far less expertness and finish, more lift and freshness and emotional power.

What heartened one from the point of view of our audiences was and is still, of course, the popularity of "Loyalties," of "Rain," of "The God of Vengeance," and also of "Peer Gynt." There is something more vital here than mere character and fable. It is the acceptance of tragedy as the ultimate truth of human life and hence of human art. Every high civilization that has produced great art has had an audience that accepted as ultimate the tragic interpretation of life in art.

The native plays of the season deserve separate treatment. I content myself with naming them here. "The Old Soak," "Merton of the Movies," "Why Not?" "Mary the 3rd," "A Texas Nightingale," "Hospitality," "A Square Peg," "Roger Bloomer," "The Adding Machine." Nor do I forget "Johannes Kreisler" or Geraldy's "Aimer" or Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare." But these with all their merits have less significance for us.

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	Lines	Comparison Lines
The Chicago Daily News.....	173,475	173,475
The Post	102,155	102,155
The Daily Tribune.....	49,415	
The Daily Herald-Examiner...	3,473	
The Journal	1,173	
The American	57	
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The Sunday Herald-Examiner..	16,149	
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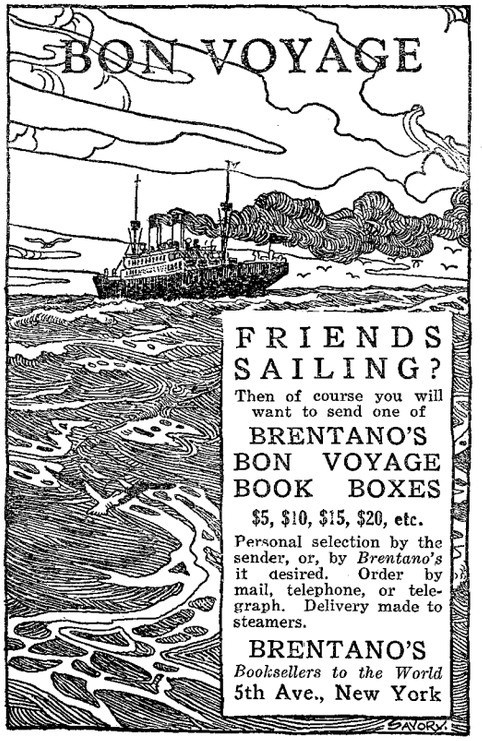

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